TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE CITY OF LOVERS TRUE.

BY J. E. REAGAN.

A fresh wind blew at the close of day;
Long banners of night on the lambent bay;
The twilight smile from the flaming sky
Like a truthful monarch, with robes awry,
And as the cloudy lords of his retinue
Bowed to the earth as he withdrew.

"How fleet little damsel, what do you see,
That steals your bewitching eyes from me?"
"A city I see, most strange and fair,
That hangs in the vault of the sunset air;
Its castles gleam along its street,
And ladies fair ride far and fleet.

"A sailors dust from the travel blows,
Where a silver-rippled river flows,
Where galleons, shallops and sloops,
Like the fair queens on mother's wedding cups,
Sail out of its port and drop from sight,
I think they are bound for the 'Isles of Night.'"

"How glad I am you are wingless, dear;
But I, too, know of a city fair,
It is not in any where,
It is called the 'City of Lovers True,'
And how I do wish I were there now with you!

"There's a magical word would transport us straightway,
If only that word some kind maiden would say,
And what is it? Shy little sea-cress, guess;
You cannot, now truly? Well, then, it is 'yes,'
O, speak it for me, love! Ah! now we are there,
In the city that is, yet is not anywhere."

THE CLICKING OF THE GATE.

Boston Herald.

As the twilight shadows gather
And the evening shades draw nigh,
When we're waiting for some loved one,
Ah! how slow time seems to fly;
And the shadows gather deeper
While we sit and doze and wait
For the ever-welcome clicking
Of the latch upon the gate.

We're, perchance, a much loved sister
Or a brother gone astray,
Who, beguiled by wiles and flattery,
Failed and stumbled on the way—
Gone to wreck a much loved father,
Let us by relentless fate,
Yet we listen for his footsteps
And the clicking of the gate.

And we sit and dream and muse,
Passing the hours away,
Whether it be with joy or sorrow,
Time will never stop or stay.
Wane the mid-night hour is sinking
And our loved one's coming late,
Oh! how eagerly we listen
For the coming of the gate.

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And through all we're ever listening,
Be it early, be it late,
For our loved one's welcome footsteps
And the clicking of the gate.

For the Blade.

THE SINGER.

BY ROBERT LE DE.

O, singer with the dreaming eyes,
Lay once again your long hands on the keys,
And let your silvern notes arise,
Sweet as birds' songs across the distant seas

Sing calm, soft lays to soothe a troubled heart,
Lead to us peace if only for a time;
Uplift the golden veil that parts
The sordid earth from tranquil heights sublime.

A discord through your lyric rings!
Now what means this, from you who sing so sweet?
Why touch that fallen chord that brings
A sob that for a broken heart were meet.

O, singer with the prescient voice,
Your song is but a reflex of our fears;
How often, when we glad rejoice,
The dust discord of fate rings in our ears!
Lynn, Mass.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

THE GAMBLER'S STORY.

BY RAY.

"Yes, gamblers are a bad set, as a rule, and there is very little good that can be said of them."

The speaker was a gentleman to whom I had just been introduced at a gathering of military men at the Palmer House in Chicago. The conversation had, in some way, turned upon gamblers and gambling.

"By the way," he continued, "did you ever happen to hear of, or meet Ben Davis, who became so famous for his skill at cards all over this region some years before the war?"

"No," I replied, "I never did."

"I know quite an interesting incident concerning Davis, and if you care to hear it I will relate it."

"Oh, you are certainly not going to tell that long story to-night, are you?" said the gentleman's wife, rising from the sofa beside him. "I do not think Mr. Lyons would really care to hear it."

I expressed a great desire to hear the story, and she remarked smiling:

"It is a misfortune that you bring upon yourself, then, and I will leave you to hear it alone," and she moved away to join a group of ladies in another part of the room.

"Flora never did like to hear that story," he said, watching the graceful form of his wife as she crossed the parlor, "but here goes."

"Down on Madison street there is a ring-tossing establishment that reminds me of a similar affair that flourished there many years ago. At one end of the room is a bench covered with spikes. At the other a railing, and the customer, standing before the railing, has the privilege of tossing six rings among the spikes. If you ring certain spikes you are entitled to certain prizes. The charge for half a dozen tosses was ten cents.

Davis was loitering in this establishment one afternoon, carelessly watching the various ones as they tried their chances with the rings, when a newsboy stepped up to the railing with an earnest look on his face, and commenced tossing the rings. One—two—three—four. They all missed the mark, and he stood still for a moment, evidently measuring the distance carefully with his eye. The fifth ring whirled over the bench and fell provokingly between the spikes.

"Six," said the attendant as he held out the last ring.

The little fellow leaned over the railing, his face flushed with anxiety, and swung the ring to and fro several times before making his last throw. It went clear over the bench and rang against the wall beyond. Without a word he picked up his kit, swung it over his shoulder and started out. His head was bowed down, and he would not have raised it had not some one spoken to him at the door.

"What did you win, Jack?"

"Nothing, Mr. Davis, but I will have better luck next time," said Jack looking up with a resolute expression on his face, and trying very hard to smile, though there was a suspicious trembling about the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, you will have better luck next time, Jack. That is the way to take every hard knock."

As the boy turned away, the other could not help noticing there were tears in his eyes.

"You are not crying, Jack?" said Davis. "You should not mind; life is but a matter of toss and win—toss and lose, any way you take it."

The boy passed on without replying, but a strange impulse caused Davis to follow him.

"Jack," he said, as he overtook him, "I have known you as one of the pluckiest boys on the street. What made you so cast down over the loss of a dime?"

The little fellow was silent for some time; finally he said:

"Well, Mr. Davis, I don't mind telling you; I don't believe you will laugh at me as some others would. You see, to-morrow is Christmas. I thought this morning when I got up that Flo ought to have a Christmas present. I don't save much money, for the most of what I earn goes to mother to help keep us in bread and butter. Well, you see, I thought perhaps I could earn enough to-day to get something for Flo. She was worse last night, and—" the lips were quivering perceptibly.

"Who is Flo?" inquired Mr. Davis.

"Flo? Oh, Flo is my sister; there is something the matter with her spine, the doctors say, and she cannot walk or go out doors. She can only sit in a chair by the window. Well, I thought like enough Flo—she don't see very much you know, and can't have very much to think about—I thought she might be pleased if I could give her something to-morrow. She was worse last night, and we sent for the doctor, although she cried and begged us not to. She is afraid of the cost, you know. Her face was very pale, and I could not get it out of my mind; it has been before my eyes all the time. I tried to sell a good many papers, but there was always something coming up in my throat and I couldn't holler very loud. Some way I didn't do very well to-day. I only made fifteen cents, and I couldn't buy very much with that, but I thought I would get all I could for it."

"So you tried your chance on the ring game for your sister?" said Davis.

"As I came by here I heard them telling about the gold watch that was put up, and when I looked in at them spikes, and then at them rings it didn't look very hard—it didn't look hard a bit, sir. I thought I would be sure to win something for Flo, and so I put down my ten cents. Well, I didn't win, and now—and now—I have only got five cents left, and I cannot buy anything at all with that," and the little fellow commenced crying.

Something had blown into Davis's eye; it must have been a cinder, and he was trying to get it out.

"Why, Jack," he said, "don't cry; I hate crying boys. Be a man, my lad. Will a dollar buy a present for Flo?"

"Why, I guess it would, sir!" exclaimed Jack, opening his eyes wide; "a great deal more than enough."

"Well, Jack, look here, I will lend you a dollar, mind, lend—not give it to you, and you can pay me in—"

"O! I will pay you right away, sir, indeed I will," interrupted the little fellow.

"I will lend it to you for a year, and by the way, Jack, I have a friend who is a doctor, and I would like to have him see your sister. I may call around with him some time."

Jack's eyes glistened, and he put out his hand.

"Excuse me, Jack, but your hand is not clean." The gambler turned away, and walked down the street, leaving Jack standing motionless on the corner.

The little room was darkened. Two figures were bending over a bedside with anxious faces. A woman and a boy were watching the heavy breathing of a sleeping girl.

"There is some one rapping at the door Jack," said the woman.

"You go to the door, mother, and tell them not to come in just now."

The woman opened the door.

"Is there a newsboy named Jack Brown lives here?"

"There is."

"I want to see him."

"Pardon, gentlemen, but he is with his sister now; she is very low to-day."

"It is about his sister that we wish to see him; this gentleman is a doctor. Will you not let us in?"

The woman looked at them doubtfully, but opened the door.

"O, Mr. Davis," said Jack softly, coming forward, "I am afraid it's too late."

"I guess not, Jack; this gentleman is Dr. Logan, a friend of mine, and—"

"An acquaintance," interrupted the other coolly.

"He is a very good doctor," continued Davis, without noticing the interruption. "I wish you would let him see what he can do for your sister. I will leave him here," and the gambler left the room.

"Well, Logan, when can the girl be brought home?"

"At most any time, I think, Davis. When I left her at the hospital, a few days ago, she was able to walk very well. I think that in a month's time your *protege* will be as strong and well as though she had never been a helpless invalid. The effect of our treatment in New York has been simply wonderful."

"How much do I owe you, Dr. Logan?" inquired Davis.

"Well, I made three trips to New York, and was absent from business about three weeks; as it is you, Davis, I think $500 will cover it."

Davis commenced counting from a roll of bills which he had taken from his pocket.

"By the way, Davis," said Logan, "she is almost a beauty."

"I don't think I ever saw her face," replied Davis, quietly.

"Well, I shall bring her back within a week; you will be interested to see her then."

"Will it be necessary for you to bring her back?" asked Davis.

The physician's face flushed slightly—the gambler was looking him full in the face.

"Well, I think it would be better for me to go after her, as I have had charge of her case so far. It is rather a long journey for a girl to take alone, you know."

"Very well," said Davis, handing him the money he had counted out, "perhaps you are right."

"I came to see you about something very important; something I have wished to talk with you about for a long time, but have never had the courage to."

The speaker was Dr. Logan, who had just entered the elegantly furnished apartments of Ben Davis.

"Sit down, Logan," said Davis, who was occupying a comfortable easy chair before the fire. "What is this very important thing which you wish to tell me?"

"I want to speak to you about," continued Logan, "to speak to you about—about—well—about Jack's sister, Flora Brown."

"Why, what about her?" inquired Davis, with a look of surprise on his face.

"Well, Davis, though you are a noted gambler and do not get much credit for honor, yet in all my dealings with you, I have always found you to be a man of strict integrity, and I know that you will take what I say as from an honorable man."

Davis nodded without making any reply.

"I have cured Miss Brown from a terrible trouble, but a trouble greater than the one from which she had been relieved—a trouble over which I have no power, is hanging over her now."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Davis springing to his feet.

"A trouble," continued the doctor, "for which you alone can furnish the remedy. Sit down, Davis, and let me explain."

"I don't understand you, Logan."

"I want to make myself understood very clearly, and I am at a loss how to do it, I trust you will help me. Flora knows that while medical skill saved her, it is to you she owes her restoration and her life. Her sense of obligation hangs over terribly when her sees you, and she has seen you a good many times since her return."

Davis flushed hotly, but made no reply.

"When she sees you," continued the doctor, "she cannot help but be oppressed by the burden of her debt; it is weighing her down past the power of my words to tell you. This is what I wanted to see you about."

Davis smoked in silence for some minutes, then rising from his chair, he walked up and down the room several times.

"You are right, Logan," he said, "I know you are right. I ought to have seen it before. Somehow, I don't know why, I have become interested in the girl. My visits must have annoyed her, and I ought to have seen it before. Logan, you understand these things, but I am only a gambler—a miserable fellow who has no right to friends."

Logan made a deprecating gesture, and rose to his feet.

"Yes," continued Davis, "I am only a gambler, but rather than let that girl suffer, and suffer on my account, I would lose my life. Now, I will put myself under your direction; tell me what to do, and I will do it."

"You are indeed a noble hearted, generous fellow, Davis," said Logan, going up to him and taking one of his hands. "I do not want to dictate you, I do not want to say anything that is unpleasant, but I think if you were to go away to some other city for a little while it would remedy matters a good deal. However, do as you please, Davis, do not let me dictate to you."

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Inch by inch the Confederate soldiers contested their ground, but all through the day their lines had been forced steadily backwards, and before sunset the Union flag was flying over the rebel ramparts.

Night at last dropped her sable curtain over the battle-field. Dim figures were moving about among the wounded and the dying. Half a dozen Union soldiers under the command of a tall, dark-faced man were stopping here and there in their search for the members of their regiment. One of them stumbled upon the form of a boy who was lying in the matted grass, with his face buried in his arms, which were folded on the ground.

"Col. Davis," said the man, "bless my soul, if here isn't a rebel drummer boy, and I guess he's done for, poor little fellow."

The tall man stopped for a moment, and the boy raised his head slowly.

"Col. Davis," he said; "Col. Davis; who said Davis?"

The men gathered about him and began to examine his wounds. One of his limbs had been almost entirely shot away by a cannon ball.

"Yes, comrades," said the little fellow, feebly, "you are right; I guess I'm done for."

Something in the boy's voice attracted the leader's attention, and caused him to bend down and examine his face.

"Col. Davis; which is Col. Davis?" inquired the boy; this time with great difficulty, for his strength was nearly gone.

"I am Col. Davis," answered the tall man.

The boy seemed to be searching his face in the darkness.

"Yes, you are right, Mr. Davis, life is only a matter of toss and win—toss and lose, at best; I have tossed and lost again. The ball did the business for me, and I'm a goner. Won't you tell the other men to go away, colonel, for a little while—I want to talk to you alone."

Davis spoke a few words to the men, and they withdrew to a short distance.

"I am so glad that I've found you," said the boy, when they were alone. "I'm ready to die now that I've found you. Do you know, I came after you. We heard that you had enlisted in the army; we didn't know which army it was; but Flora told me to follow you, to find you somehow, and to tell you—"

"Tell me what, Jack?"

"Why, to tell you—bend your head down closer, colonel, I can't speak much longer—to tell you—to tell you that you made a mistake. It was something about what the doctor said, and she never meant for you to go away. She cried very long after you had gone, and her face grew pale and sad. She tried very hard to find where you had gone, but she couldn't, and she told me to find you and tell you you had made a great mistake, and to tell you to come back, Mr. Davis, to come back very soon."

"Yes, Jack, and I will take you back with me."

"No, colonel, I shall never go back again, but I will die happy if you will promise me just one thing."

"I will promise you anything, Jack."

"Promise me that you will go back."

"Yes."

"And promise me that when you get—" Jack had with difficulty drawn himself up to a sitting position, and had both arms around Davis's neck—"promise me that when you get back you will make—make—Flora your wife."

"Yes, Jack, I promise," said the Colonel, who was deeply affected. "Now, you must not talk any more, and I will send one of the men for the surgeon to dress your wound."

The surgeon came, but his services were not needed—the drummer boy was dead.

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The speaker ceased. He had evidently finished his strangely told story, and looking into his eyes I saw they were filled with tears. His wife came up just then attired for leaving.

"If you have finished your story," she said, "I think we had better go."

"Yes, I have finished," he replied, and we both rose to our feet.

"But, General," I said, "do you know that this story is true?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Did you know Davis?"

"Yes, I knew him very well. Poor fellow, how I sympathized with him. My wife knows the story to be true, for she also knew Davis."

I glanced inquiringly at the lady, and she replied very frankly.

"Yes, the General is right. I knew him, sympathised with him and loved him, and I love him now."

She placed her hands on the General's arm in a way which I could not mistake.

"You do not mean to say, General," I stammered, "that you are—you are Davis?"

"The same," he answered, smiling at the puzzled expression on my face.

"And—and—" I continued, "your wife is—"

"Flora Brown."

What Britishers Tell Us.

You say "clever" when you mean smart.

You say "store" when you only mean shop.

You say "cunning" when you mean tricky or cute.

You say "now I want to know" when you do not mean it.

You say "depot" when you have in mind a railway station.

The caramels which you think "lovely" are only toothsome.

You find your eating "elegant" when you mean it good.

The lecture which struck you as "perfectly splendid" was in reality admirable.

You thought you had a "real good time," but you only enjoyed yourself very much.

If you do not quite understand any one, you look up in a blank way and say "how?"

What you said was "too good for anything" was simply better than you thought it would be.—*Philadelphia News.*

Humor.

For the Blade.

BILL SPRIGGS ON TALENTED WRITERS.

BY C. A. E.

"Writin' letters was never very tiresome to my frame," said Bill Spriggs to the not large nor select assemblage brought together by the poorly drawing stove. "In fact, I could always do up a job o' that kind quicker an' easier than other work about the farm. That faculty I reckon I inherited to some extent. My grandfather was very expert on correspondence, specially business, or of a nature requirin' great caution an' circumspection rather than feelin' an' perfumed letter paper. I've known him, when the circumstances of the case seemed to require it, write a letter that could be read in four different ways, each conveyin' an entirely different meanin', and expressin' clearly an entirely different frame o' mind in the writer. Such a letter as that I have known on several tryin' occasions to prove invaluable to him to a considerable amount.

"I was always more gifted, especially in the ardent an' supple days o' my youth, in the sentimental, soul-yearnin' line. When I was a boy scarcely into the teens, I had at one time three old and strong-minded maids in different sections, so overcome with my thrillin' epistles that they was momentarily expectin' me on hoss-back with marriage certificate, parlor furniture, cook stove, Methodist minister an' morocco bound Byron's poems. One of 'em was so wrought up that I heard from her occasionally in terms of violent reproach, for years, like a spirit, kinder, that would not down, like.

"I wrote them letters, I recollect, with but a small, cheap library to refer to outside o' my feelins'. My library at that time consisted mainly of a 15 cent letter writer. It was a poor, weakly gotten up volume. The author hadn't had the experience, or, if he had, wasn't paid enough, probably, to throw himself rightly into the spirit of it, or else was too tired after sawin' wood all day to expend much energy on it. It's true, at one opportune stage o' the correspondence I had valuable assistance from my brother, Philander Milton.

"Philander Milton was at that time deeply engrossed with studyin' to be a hoss-doctor, an' carryin' on a vehement correspondence with a wealthy young widow in Orange township. He was naturally poetic the worst way, an' bein' also full o' his favorite science, he could, an' did, lay it on in a manner that was considerably without stint. I never saw much in the widow's letters to justify him in goin' to the extremes he did, but he said that was owin' to her natural diffidence an' reserve. Whilst he was composin' his letters he'd be also figurin' an' plannin'—on another sheet o' paper—jest how he was goin' to manage her farmin' an' other property. Finally, when he'd been round to all the clothin' stores in town pricin' an' tryin' on whole suits o' the finest broadcloth an' sich, an' gettin' their bottom figures, an' makin' satisfactory 'rangements 'bout the time—long enough so's he could duly realize from some o' her steers—he received a pressin' invitation to be present on the occasion of her marriage to a fellow for Indianny.

"Such a time in the tide o' the affairs o' some men, would a had a disheartenin', dishevelin' effect that would probably a led to a full.

"Not so my brother Philander Milton. He had a happy faculty o' subordinatin' the strictly sentimental to the strictly business, every time. He not only went, but got a three dollar fee out'n the second-hand bride for treatin' a sick cow while enjoyin' the festivities o' the affair."

A Drunken Fool is the Worst Fool.

The foolish young man who, on the night after the election, walked no less than 50 feet in crossing the Broadway sidewalk, his course zig-zagging from the doorway of a gorgeous groggery to that of a cab which stood at the curb, was very drunk indeed. He wore an evening suit which, at his early outset, had doubtless been neat and smooth; but hours of carousal had incapacitated him for the nice management of his toilet, and his clothes were all awry.

"Shay, Cabby," thickly said to the driver the befuddled fool, "I wansht t' sleep 'n hour." Here he fell into the vehicle and lay back in the seat. "Go up'n down shtreet one hour, mind. Then rou-rou-rouse me," and his voice faded away into slumber.

The cabman banged the door shut, peered in at the unconscious passenger, led the horse round the circle and back to the starting point and opened the door again.

"Hi—hi! wake up, sir," he cried, shaking the man roughly; "your hour's up. One dollar, please."

The inebriate tumbled out, fumblingly paid an hour's fare for two minutes' riding and muttered: "Blamed 'f nap's sobered me particle. Jush as drunk ash I was, every bit."—*New York Letter.*

Napoleonic Strategy.

"What a brilliant idea! I shall capture him now beyond a doubt," exclaimed Miss Minnie Mincey, as she clapped her hands in glee and communed with the silent stars.

The next evening she determined to put the idea into execution. Alphonso De Poultice called as usual; they took a walk as usual; they approached an ice-cream saloon as usual, and he invited her to tarry awhile as usual, but here the idea came into play and she replied:

"No, thank you; I find that ice-cream does not agree with me, and I have determined never to touch another plate."

It was seemingly a grand stroke of Napoleonic genius, and she could not help admiring her brain power as he started back in a daze.

Did he propose?

No, gentle reader. Things do not always turn out as we expect. He merely made up his mind that he would stick to that girl right along year in and year out until he met somebody that he wanted to marry.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Two Lovers United—By the Feet.

There is a boy in Altoona who should be killed. Last Sunday evening he crawled under the sofa and when his big sister and her best young man were sitting as close together as possible he rigged a slip knot around their feet. When the old gentleman came into the parlor to look for his cigar stub they thought they would occupy separate pews. The young man fell over the center table and Mary sat down upon the floor, with a two hundred pressure to the square inch concussion that dislocated her adjustable bangs. The old gentleman thought that Adolphus was drunk and hit him with his cane sixteen times before he could get himself loose, and fell out of the window. The match is declared off.—*Altoona Sunday Call.*

Quite.

"You are cut out for a teacher."

"Ah, you flatter me."

"No; I do not."

"And why, pray?"

"Because you have a pupil in your eye."

"You are a born musician."

"Excuse me."

"Oh! but I know you are. Nature has especially equipped you."

"How so, sir?"

"Because she has put a drum in your ear."

For the Blade.

ENTERTAINING A DRUMMER.

BY RIZ JONES.

A drummer had been invited to supper at the house of a customer in Frogtown, and Jane, the eldest daughter, was making frantic efforts to amuse him; she failed to get beyond the weather, so he changed the subject.

He caressed his side-whiskers and talked in a way which showed that he did not care if she did think he was from England.

"A young lady who lives neah us, don't ye know, has been sick oveh two months in this blawsted country ye know—lying down, by Jove, and a doctah has called only once," said he.

"The folks ought to be arrested," declared Jane. "Why didn't you interfere?"

"But people nevah die of the disease she has, ye know," he rejoined. "She is love-sick—weally, that is all; pon 'me honnah! The doctah is her fellah, and he called to bring her some reading mattah, so she wouldn't miss him so much if he should call on other gahls, don't ye know. She was lying down reading the greatah pawt of the time. If any one has told you that she is dangerously ill, Miss Jennie, he was guilty of a fabrication and you can call him a falsifier with my sanction—a beastly liah—ha, ha!"

Jane wished that she had gone to school longer.

Out in the kitchen Jane's mother was engaged in an animated conversation with a small boy.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "run and scour your pa's knife, and give him a clean napkin. Set a vase of flowers on that hole in the table-cloth, but first put a mat over the hole; the man may raise the bouquet to smell it. Don't eat with your knife to-day, and tell your pa to ask a blessing at the table—or no, you needn't, because that man's a drummer."

A Domestic Episode.

"Mamma," cried little Freddy as his mother entered the house, "Mrs. Smith has been her. She waited a long time."

"Did she? and did you entertain her, Freddy?"

"I guess so, mamma; 't any rate, she laughed lots."

"Yes? What did you say to her?"

"Lots o' things. She asked me how old I was, and when I told her I was five, just the same number of years you were older than papa, I guess she thought it was real funny; you oughter heard her laugh."

"Yes, I dare say," remarked Freddy's mother, "it must have been very funny."

"And when I told her about the time you scolded papa because he stayed out so late, she seemed real interested, and asked me lots of questions about you and papa."

"And of course you told her all you knew?"

"Oh yes—that is, I told her all I could remember. How it did made her laugh when I told her how you cried and said you wouldn't live with him another day, that time he went to the theatre with Miss Flashington."

"Ah! you told her that, too? You had a nice time together, didn't you?"

"Bully time. I like Mrs. Smith ever so much, she's such a jolly woman."

"Oh yes, very jolly. It's time for you to go to bed now, Freddy. Good night, dear." (With a kiss). [Exit Freddy.]

"The prying creature!" soliloquizes Freddy's mother. "I always did hate her, and now she'll go and tell everybody in town! That little nuisance! It was as much as I could do to keep my hands off of him. I'll take good care that he and Mrs. Smith don't have any more conferences. The mean thing! to pump a child in that fashion!"

A FATHER'S LETTER.

A Few Suggestions to a Son at School.

MY DEAR SON: Your letter of last week reached us yesterday, and I enclose $13, which is all I have by me at the present time. I may sell the other shote next week and make up the balance of what you wanted. I will probably have to wear the old buffalo overcoat to meeting again this Winter, but that don't matter so long as you are getting an education.

I hope you will get your education as cheap as you can, for it cramps your mother and me like Sam Hill to put up the money. Mind you, I don't complain. I knew education came high, but I didn't know the clothes cost so like sixty.

I want you to be so that you can go anywhere and spell the hardest word. I want you to be able to go among the Romans or Medes and Persians and talk to any of them in their own native tongue.

I never had any advantages when I was a boy, but your mother and I decided that we would sock you full of knowledge, if your liver held out, regardless of expense. We calculate to do it, only we want you to go as slow on swallow-tail coats as possible till we can sell our hay.

Now, regarding that boat-paddling suit and that base ball suit and that bathing suit and that roller rinktum suit and that law tennis suit, mind, I don't care about the expense, because you say a young man can't really educate himself thoroly without them, but I wish you would send home what you get through with this Fall, and I'll wear them through the Winter under my other clothes. We have a good deal severer Winters here than we used, or else I'm failing in bodily health. Last Winter I tried to go through without underclothes, the way I did when I was a boy, but a Manitoba wave came down our way and picked me out of a crowd with its eyes shut.

In your late letter you alluded to getting injured in a little "hazing scuffle with a pelican from the rural districts." I don't want any harm to come to you, my son, but if I went from the rural districts, and another young gosling from the rural districts undertook to haze me, I would meet him when the sun goes down, and I would swat him across the back of the neck with a fenceboard, and then I would meander across the pit of his stomach and put a blue forget-me-not under his eye.

Your father ain't much on Grecian mythology and how to get the square root of a barrel of pork, but he wouldn't allow any educational institution to haze him with impunity. Perhaps you remember once when you tried your father a little, just to kill time, and how long it took you to recover. Anybody that goes at it right can have a good deal of fun with your father, but those who have sought to monkey with him, just to break up the monotony of life, have most always succeeded in finding what they sought.

I am't much of a pensman, so you will have to excuse this letter. We are all quite well except Old Fan, who has had a galled shoulder, and hope this will find you enjoying the same great blessing.

Your FATHER.

—*Bill Nye, in San Francisco Ingleside.*

Didn't Understand Modern English.

"So old Scrapetill is dead at last," observed David from the interior of his paper; "oceans of money, too." "What did he do with it?" queried Dora. "Oh! left it here and there," said David; "that scapegrace son of his gets a quarter of a million. If he doesn't paint the town red now, then I am a Canadian." "I should think," mused Dora, softly, as she helped herself to another needleful of silk; "I should think that anybody with a quart of vermillion might paint a town very red, indeed." And David was so astounded that he put his paper in the fire and laid a fresh stick of wood in the very center of the plush-covered table.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

Bob Burdette's Best Sketch—The Church Creeds Done up in Railroad Lingo.

Published by request.

On the road once more, with Lebanon falling away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World." To me comes the brakaman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazzarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and $2 extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travelson a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fa re once in 50 miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are very vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Freethinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road ran to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting!" he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop over checks are given on all through tickets passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his tickets; Wesleyan house air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—25 cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting: "Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

Japan, Too.

Japan has been afflicted with the fancy fair business. A hospital fair was held some time ago at Tokio, at which fashionable ladies in the booths charged exorbitant prices from people for useless articles. The Tokio papers complained loudly of the bad manners of the ladies who sold and the unmitigated snobbery of the people who bought.

Miscellany.

NIGHT ON THE NILE.

Its Rapids and Their Danger to the Voyageur—Strange Scenes.

Nile Correspondence London Standard.

One night, after reaching Shellal camp, I had set out alone to walk along the banks and across a bit of desert in order, if possible, to get a near view of the rapids under bright moonlight. Emerging from a dense palm grove, where Egyptian soldiers were lying enjoying the cool night air, my path for some distance followed the river bank, by which dozens of trading craft were moored, the long bent yards of their lateen sails sharply defined against the clear sky, and their swarthy, white-robed crews lying asleep among sacks of grain under the wide-spreading branches of acacia, lebbekh, or sycamore fig-trees. Then it swept round the mud walls of an Arab village, outside which groups of women were passing the hours after truly feminine fashion in gossiping and shrill laughter, and then it became lost for a time in the desert sand. Still there was the rush of water to guide one. Presently that was merged in a sound louder and more weird—at first something like the monotonous wail of mourners at an Irish wake it seemed—then grew into groans mingled with subdued shrieks. By the riverside one would have been at no loss to account for this strange music; but in the midst of sandhills one does not expect to come across the creaking, grunting sakeyeh, or wooden wheel for raising water. There it is, however, on a high rock, and the bullock is walking round and round at its mechanical toil, of which there seems to be no cessation night or day. The wheel seemed to be set up there for the simple purpose of irrigating a half acre patch of scant maize, but whence the water came remains a mystery to me yet. Less than a quarter of an hour of brisk walking brought me to the river again, where it ran between high cliffs of huge black granite. Travelers, ancient and modern, have told how the thunder of this cataract often deafened people living a league from it. I am afraid that these writers must have indulged in a license that is the privilege of travelers and poets. This night, at any rate, the rapids roared as gently as any suckling dove. Far from being loud as the boom of waves against English cliffs, the noise would have been drowned by the rush of an ordinary moorland torrent in flood. The strength of a Nile current, however, can no more be judged by its boisterousness than the force of human passion can. When it flows most silently it is often swiftest and most dangerous. The rapids between Philæ and Assouan do not break into foam and bluster like a fretting burn, but rush over hidden rocks with a scarcely perceptible swell. Therein lies such danger as the boats sent out for this expedition may have to encounter, but where a heavy dhabyah or clumsy nuggah can go, these vessels of incomparably lighter draught will not likely sustain much damage, even if it be absolutely necessary to take them through cataracts.

A QUEER COASTING PLACE.

An Interesting Description of the Ancient Capital of the Incas.

Cuzco, the ancient capital of the old Inca empire of Peru, is situated high up among the Andes, at a point so elevated that, although under the tropics, it has the climate and products of the temperate zone, says a writer in *St. Nicholas*. It still has many remains of Inca architecture, distinguished for its massiveness, which are likely to endure for centuries to come. On a hill, or eminence, nearly a thousand feet high, overlooking the city, are the remains of the great Inca fortress of the Sac-sa-hua-man, in the storming of which Juan Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, was slain. This fortress was built of gigantic stones, or rather rocks, and their great size and the accuracy with which they are fitted together astonish all who see them.

In front of this fortress is a curious, dome-shaped mass of rock, called the Roda-dero, and sometimes also La Piedra Lisa, or "smooth rock," because its convex surface is grooved, as if the rock had been squeezed up, while in a plastic state, between irregular and unyielding walls, and then hardened into shape. A mass of dough, forced up under the outspread hands, would give something of the same appearance in miniature. But the hollow of the grooves on the Peruvian hill are smooth and glassy. It is said in the old chronicles and traditions, that the Inca youth, long years ago, amused themselves by coursing, or sliding, through these polished grooves on festal days and holy days, and this custom is still practiced by the modern youth of Cuzco.

There is one advantage, and it is a great one, too, which these boys possess over the northern boys, who live in the land of ice and snow, and that is, it is not necessary for them to toil up a long and slippery hill, dragging after them their heavy sleds, which grow heavier with every step they take, so that the longer they ride the harder it is to get back to the starting place. The Cuzco boy sits down at the top of the rock in one of the grooves, and, with a slight start, away he goes with all the speed imaginable, until he reaches the bottom, landing in a soft bed of earth; then he picks himself up, runs around to an easy place of ascent, and is up again in a minute to repeat his ride.

Home Life in America.

Robert J. Burdette.

Scene: The next room. Door shut. Nothing visible except an audible voice, audibly speaking, speaking orally in vocal accents:

Hey!
There, now!
Hol' up!
Hole dup!
Hold dup your red!
Can't you hold your head dup!
Put tin!
Puttit tin!
Put tin your foot!
Turn around!
Oh, good gracious! don't you know how to turn around?
Hold your head still!
Don't do that!
T'other arm!
Oh, great land, go to your mother!

It is a man dressing his infant son

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

A Journalist's Experience, of Value to Mankind in General.

The notion is widely prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This came from the severe denunciation of "late suppers" contained in nearly all the old popular works on diet. The argument in these publications was directed against what was involved in a late supper, at a period when the revelers slipped from their chairs and spent the night under the table, or were carried by waiting lackeys insensible to their beds.

It was the midnight debauch that was the object of attack, and even here it was less the gluttony, than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their reprehensions. A man may induce apoplexy by gorging himself with food at any hour of the day, but the bottle after bottle of heady wine or the bowl of hot punch at the evening revel were what did the business for most who ran a brief career of dissipation to an untimely grave.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their night slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on, the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will awaken it, and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric and other narcotics may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this sleeping of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. This sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between this sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well, the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbed with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed at the stomach and near the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

The waste of human life by the neglect of the lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully that it usually is if this simple rule was not systematically violated. Sleep is wonderfully recuperative, but it may be shorn of half its benefits by unfavorable conditions. Foul air in the bed chamber leaves the sleeper almost as exhausted in the morning as when, weary with the day's labor, he sank upon the bed. A gnawing stomach, empty of food, takes off the nightly sleep that refreshing sense of comfort which properly belongs to it. It leaves the blood to throb in the heated brow, and haunts the sleep with an ever-present source of disquiet. It is like the sleep which the mother takes while her sick child is under the care of watchers in another room. An uneasy stomach is just like an aching heart in its effect upon the nightly repose.

A healthy person who goes to bed on a frail stomach will always wake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day and a light supper is served at 6 in the afternoon, a hearty luncheon should be provided at 10 in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be.

And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands, as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, or the countless flummeries that go to make up a fancy tea table, the better, but none of these should be eaten at bedtime. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or wholesome meat of any kind, with well-baked bread and butter (sauce and pickle will do no harm) will serve the substantial requisites for this collation. Milk is perhaps the best of all where the pure article can be obtained; "Borden's condensed" will supply it in the best shape to suit our taste, and if this is used it should be mixed with warm or hot water, instead of cold, and eaten before it cools. With bread and fruit (baked apples will serve when berries and peaches fail) this makes a very wholesome evening meal.

All persons should be very cautious when they reform their habits in this respect. A mouthful or two each night at first is all that should be attempted, gradually increasing the quantity until luncheon becomes a pretty substantial meal. If indigestion follows at any time, chewing the meat of peach pits (for the prussic acid in them) after eating is better than sending for a doctor. With a clear conscience and a full stomach, any man in tolerable health may derive from his nightly sleep that recuperation which ought to come from this sweet restorer of life's daily wear and waste.—*David M. Stone in New York Journal of Commerce.*

It is beyond question that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done and is doing vast good, and is worthy of the place of honor it holds at the head of all diseases of the throat and lungs.

PLEADERS AND PILL-MAKERS.

Bar soap—Legal addresses.

The lawyer's motto—Where there's a will there's a way—to get around it.

A Florida judge descended from the bench and whipped a lawyer. An additional. He should be elected Governor of the state.

It is not deemed professional for a lawyer who files a claim for his clientage to "show off" at an early stage of the game with the opposing attorney.

No, my son, milk is unlike man; for the more the former is doctored the worse it becomes, while man, on the contrary, the more he is doctored the more he improves—the doctor.

One of the most prominent criminal lawyers of St. Louis is about to remove to Chicago, and it is intimated by the press of the former city that he found it necessary to be nearer his clients.

Fogg—"Ah, doctor, how is Fenderson?" Doctor—"The poor fellow has been out of his mind for 24 hours." Fogg—"Then he is raving. You don't know how glad I am to hear it."

The doctors in a western town have prepared a list of non paying patients, and will refuse to visit any family whose name is on the list. One undertaker and two tombstone dealers have already advertised their places for sale.

A telegraph company cannot move a man's house in order to plant a telegraph pole on the site, but they can send along a lawyer who will make you believe that it is your duty to do it and pay all expenses in order to help make this a glorious country.

Doctor—"Well, how are we to-day? Patient—"Oh, I've had a miserable day, doctor." Doctor—"But your wife says you haven't groaned at all to-day, while yesterday"— Patient—Good reason. Thought there wasn't anybody round. That woman is always taking an unfair advantage of me."

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any troubles of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price, 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) has nearly finished her new novel.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a pleasant paper on bogies in *The Magazine of Art.*

Lord Archibald Campbell will publish before long his "Records of Argyll."

Mr. C. R. Todd is about to publish—by subscription—his "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow."

Mr. Stevenson's new novel, "The Story of Prince Otto," is mentioned as a study of morals and marriage.

The first volume of Gutenberg's Bible was sold at the Earl of Gosford's sale in London recently for £3,500.

The holiday book which will be brought out by Cassell & Co. this year is the "Alsatia" of Chateaubriand, illustrated by Dore.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is preparing a series of papers to be published in the *Atlantic* next year. They will appear under the general title of "The New Portfolio."

Sir Joshua Reynolds's edition of "Boswell's Johnson," edited by Prof. Morley, will shortly be published in five volumes.

The *Critic* reports that Prof. Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth college, is at work on a history of American literature, on a philosophical and critical plan.

Following the example of older and more famous writers, Robert Buchanan is about to egotize to the extent of two volumes on "Reminiscences of a Literary Career."

Mr. Ruskin's proposed autobiography will be made up of a revised and enlarged collection of the scraps of personal reminiscence which have been given from time to time in *Fors Clavigera.*

Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in extreme poverty in London. Old in years, declining in health, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" lives deprived of the luxuries and not a few of the necessities of this life.

The *Dial*, of Chicago, maintains its high character as a literary journal, singularly free from prejudice. Mr. Stedman has said of it: "I am this moment, in my opinion, the soundest, most dignified, and creditable literary journal in America."

Two more contributions to the library of French history are announced, one being a translation of "Fourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," the other "The Court of France in the Sixteenth Century."

Prof. Freeman has written some papers on "Child-Life a Thousand Years Ago," for the *Youth's Companion*, and Max Muller has prepared for the same publication articles on the "Cultivation of Memory."

Mr. William Black has written a novel entitled "White Heather," the first chapters of which will appear in the January number of *Longman's Magazine.* As the story is also to appear in *Harper's Bazar*, the American edition of the magazine may suffer.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have provided some handsomely decorated calendars for 1885—all of them quite attractive enough for Christmas gifts—in which Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier are the poets whose writings contribute their graces to these pretty trifles.

The English people, it appears, are reading cheap American editions of English stories which were wickedly smuggled over their borders. The London *Globe* believes that this systematic defiance of the custom house may, if it continues to be tolerated, make it difficult for writers of the high and almost prohibitive prices for books ruling in England are necessary.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father has been cordially received by English critics. The London *Times* says that Mr. Hawthorne "approaches his task in a manly spirit, and with a robust reliance upon his father's character as a whole, including its defects as well as its many and unusual excellencies."

Mgr. Lou Gaimberti, votante of the papal segnatura, and director of *Le Moniteur de Rome*, and the Rev. Father Albert Guglielmotti, have been named by Leo XIII as consultors of the Cardinalitial commission for historical studies. Father Guglielmotti is the historian of the pontifical navy—an institution now of the past but once of commanding importance. He was born at Civita Vecchia, and his chiefest joy in boyhood was to listen to the sea-yarns of old soldiers at that port, and in after years he made his favorite boyish theme the subject of profound study and research.

A. C. Armstrong & Son have just issued Mr. Ainger's edition of Charles Lamb's "Plays, Miscellaneous Essays and Poems," containing all the writings that Lamb himself had selected for preservation in permanent form and the new material that Mr. Ainger has taken from Lamb's manuscripts to George Wither, of which the interleaved copy is now in possession of Mr. Swinburne. Several hitherto unpublished letters are also given.

New Orleans is an inexhaustible mine for Mr. Cable. Every street, every alley, every person in that least American of all American cities yields something of value to his keen search and to his far-reaching sympathy. He gathers a wonderful amount and variety of material, most dignified, and creditable literary journal in America."

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For the past six years Marcus J. Wright, an agent of the War department, has been engaged in collecting for publication such Confederate records of the war of the rebellion as could be obtained by gift or loan. More than 140 private soldiers have furnished copies of official reports, and the Southern Historical society has placed its collection at the disposal of the government. Ten large volumes have already been published, but in very many respects the records of the Southern army are still incomplete. Valuable documents are doubtless scattered all over the country in the hands of private individuals. A circular has been issued from the War office asking for the use of such documents, and offering to preserve and return them to the owners if so desired.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The next session of the Indiana College Association will be held in Indianapolis on December 29.

The late Mrs. Knowles, of Worcester, Mass., left $6,000 to the Atlanta, Ga., University.

Miss Irving, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the senior class of Princeton college, for the commencement ivy ceremony, a slip from a vine planted by her uncle, the original of which he brought from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.

The entering wedge of the industrial system into the public schools of Philadelphia was the setting of the 7,000 little girls in attendance to learning to sew the other day. This is in accordance with a regulation made by the Superintendent that a certain day of the week should be set apart for this purpose hereafter.

Gen. William H. H. Beadle, territorial superintendent of public instruction for Dakota, has prepared his biennial report which shows that the educational interests of the territory are in a flourishing condition. The aggregate expenditures for public education during the past year amounted to $1,748,000.

The question of voluntary prayers has come up again at Harvard. A number of students have taken the matter in hand and propose to make every effort to bring about the result they desire. They intend to write to all the Harvard clubs in the country, urging upon them the advisability of making the attendance at chapel optional.

The secret of the collegiate instruction for women, more commonly known as the Harvard annex, has an increase in the number of students, who come from all parts of the country, and the record of scholarship is as high as that of the men in the university. Two of the girls have attained the highest classical honors.

The following are the subjects for the thirty-first Clark prize exhibition in oratory at Hamilton college: "The Railway in American Politics;" "Shakespeare's Representations of the Human Will;" "Hildebrand and Cromwell;" "The Battle of Monmouth;" "The Mission of Thomas Carlyle;" "The Power of a State as Determined by Manufacture and Commerce."

Teachers who are accustomed to grow! a little over the salary of the Boston superintendent of schools will be gratified to learn that in Washington the superintendent has received a salary ranging from $2,500 to $2,700 during his thirteen years of service. Under the stimulating influence of this comparative poverty he has accumulated houses and lands worth $50,000, has a seashore residence at Nantucket, and has become a stockholder and director in a bank. Boston never had a superintendent as clever as that.

The Clock.

"The clock's a modest thing," murmured Fitz, reflectively, "always got its hands before its face."

"It's a mighty open-faced thing," snapped the old lady.

"And no welcome visitor to the spot cash man," chimed in Pinder, "for it's always going on 'tick.'"

"And an arrant coward," mused Sukey. "I never saw a clock of any good that wasn't always running."

"That's in order to be on time," remarked Fitzgoober.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Fancy clasps are set at the neck and belt on fashionable ulsters.

Neck chains are no longer worn and ladies who possess them are converting them into bracelets.

Hooks and eyes are once more used as dress fastenings.

Ten little monkeys with eyes of diamonds, chasing each other, forms the design of a handsome gold bracelet just imported.

A pillar filled with salutary or aromatic herbs is a new fancy.

The yellow chrysanthemum is the corsage bouquet of the moment.

A special novelty in lace is the Persian lace, in a mixture of soft India shawl tints on Spanish lace.

The useful and economical polonaise is again fashionable.

Beaver is more frequently chosen for trimming wraps and costumes than any of the other furs.

Some pretty little bonnets for evening wear are made of white velvet trimmed with shot feathers.

Five gilded birds' claws set upright in the center of a tuft of feathers form the pompon of an imported bonnet.

The newest Parisian fancy in earrings are silver elephants set with precious stones and measuring from one to two inches.

A narrow band of velvet ribbon or an almost invisible Venetian chain is the correct thing from which to suspend a handsome pendant.

The latest method of wearing the watch is with a ribbon bow in place of a chain. The watch is tucked into the bosom of the dress, and the bow is arranged gracefully outside.

Umbrella handles of ebony or other fine wood have the monograms set with precious stones, generally amethysts, rubies and emeralds. Cane handles are also finished in this expensive manner.

The latest covering for the walls of a hall is gilt and silver paper with a large and beautifully covered vase of flowers, or a plant reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling.

Quaint little foot-stools are made of plush or velvet with "Rest thy weary feet" embroidered in one corner, and a large satin ribbon bow placed on the opposite corner.

A new trimming is honeycomb or diamond pleading. It is first made like ordinary knife pleating, then the pleats are so attached to each other as to form perfect diamonds. Beaded vests are seen on many dresses otherwise trimmed with beads.

To iron velvet that has become wrinkled, instead of dampening the wrong side of the velvet, as many do, place a wet cloth over a hot iron, then lay the wrong side of the velvet on the cloth and brush the face lightly the way the nap runs.

A bonnet and muff now form "a set;" that is, the jaunty and becoming little bonnets of cloth and velvet are now sent home accompanied by a tiny muff composed of the same materials.

Much of the woollen material now being made into autumn costumes is profusely embroidered, or enriched with applications of velvet of the same color as the dress or of a darker shade. Some of these effects, produced by dark serge or cloth, are striking and harmonious.

Bridesmaids may be comfortable even in the depth of winter, and yet look like snow maidens, if they will adopt the new English fancy of the moment, and wear white flannel trimmed with white Astrachan and made up with a white velvet petticoat.

Ladies are now carrying the rage for harmonious dressing even to their note paper, which must correspond with their complexion and hair. A few years ago the staple tints of fine stationery were white and cream, with a small percentage of lavender, azure and a few others. Now there are about 25 standard tints altogether, while the number of shades given to each tint is without limit.

Jerseys grow more elaborate every day. Fine silk jerseys trimmed with gilt braid come to $15 to $20. A very pretty jersey of electric blue is embroidered in Persian colors and designs around the sleeves, neck and bottom. Many are beaded all over in fancy designs or stripes.

Stylish blouse fronts are sometimes formed of a made-at-home creation formed of narrow braid fastened together in floral designs. Others are of fine ecru, Irish or domestic tatting. Such blouses are finished with either a small stand-up fraise or a good-sized collar of velvet.

Some of the silver collet-necklaces worn are made in square links. These are engraved with various quotations and monograms of friends. Quarters and dimes that have seen service on bangle bracelets are also made into these necklaces, which are worn close about the neck outside the collar.

Feather fans are still the fashion, those made of ostrich tips being the favorites. The "Juliet" has a small round mirror in the center, surrounded by ostrich tips, or birds, and is held on the arm by a white satin ribbon. Fans with tortoise-shell sticks and ostrich feathers in the natural colors are handsome and expensive. Jonquil yellow and rosebud-pink feather fans are carried by debutantes, sometimes held by a gold or silver chain instead of a silk or velvet ribbon.

For the Blade.

THE WORK HIS MOTHER DID.

BY JULIA A. CAMP.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The young and weeping wife turned her sad eyes upon her aged pastor, as he ceased speaking and answered him thus:

"You mean well, but there is no comfort in your words for me. The Lord has permitted this sad death in my home, but He has not done it. You will not tell me that the Lord made my young husband first a moderate drinker, then a tippler, then a bloated drunkard, and lastly made him to fill a drunkard's grave! I could not believe it His work and still love my God!

Had you said his mother gave him birth, and then slew him, I could believe you. It was his mother, who in all her love for her first born, gave him his first taste of liquor. She, who, when he was slightly indisposed gave him alcoholic tonics; she gave liquor to him in rich dainties that were daily served on her table. She encouraged him when his little heart was made glad with his pretty toy wine-glass, and he was allowed to have it filled just once at each meal. It was his mother who, on New Year's day, saw him come home with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and heard his boisterous laugh, and she, knowing the cause, lightly rebuked him; yet on the coming morning she poured him a glass of wine and passed it to him with a steady hand. On our wedding day he (at my request) would not have tasted wine, but his mother's cold laugh made him raise it to his lips. He was her pride and joy. He was my handsome husband; yet in one short year she closed her door against him, for he was a drunkard. Did she recognize her share in his ruin? No! she only grieved that a son of hers should have so weak a mind as so yield to so vulgar a habit as getting drunk. She, like many another woman, did not turn back the pages of time and see how the first teaspoonful of liquor she gave her son weakened his moral strength. She did not look at the once white soul she had ruined. She did not read to him that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." It was not his mother who pointed him to these words, "Woe unto him who putteth the glass to his neighbor's lips," else her fair hand must have trembled as she passed the wine to him. But see, it is his mother who sits by his coffin, weeping scalding tears. Too late she sees her mistake. God may forgive her for what she has done, and, by showing to her the sin, lead her into a holier life, and help her to accomplish a noble work by saving others from the same curse."

Too Many Notions.

"Can't I sell you some dry goods?" asked the drummer of a countryman, whom he was vainly endeavoring to get in his establishment.

"No, ye hain't got all I wants."

"Nor boots or shoes?"

"Nary a bute nor a shoe."

"Maybe you'd like to buy some notions, then," continued the salesman, "for the women folks at home."

"Nary notion," cried the tried rustic; "that's what ails um now, they've got so menny durned fool notions."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Valuable Medicine.

Dr. W. H. PARMELEE, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."

RECENT LITERATURE.

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSE-KEEPING. By Mrs S. D. Power. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Mrs. Power has made an enviable reputation as the author of the "Ugly Girl Papers," "Children's Etiquette," and other works of like nature. She was for years one of the most valued contributors to *Harper's Bazar*, and now her articles in *Wide Awake* are sought for and always readable. "Anna Maria's House-keeping" is a valuable book in more senses than one. It is entertaining to begin with, for while it is as full of instruction as an egg is of meat, there is not a dry or uninteresting page in it. The instruction is conveyed in such a way as to make pleasant reading of what in less skilful hands would be heavy and dull, no matter how much of use it might carry.

The book treats of everything pertaining to house-keeping, from tne getting ready over night for to-morrow morning's breakfast, all the way through shopping, accountkeeping, making and mending, the care of the sick, everything in short from the kitchen to the parlor, even to what is to be done for church fairs and picnics, the elegancies as well as the economies of housekeeping being considered. It is a delightful treatise upon the philosophy of housekeeping. It is not a receipt book, but it takes the place of one by instructing in the why and wherefore of things to be done, and this in a way that makes pleasant reading for even those who do not have to do the things written of. The book has a positive value, and should be in every house where good housekeeping is aspired to.

THE BASSETT CLAIM. By Henry R. Elliott. (Knickerbocker Novels.) Paper 208 pp.; 50 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A light, clever story of Washington life, without much plot to speak of, but all the same bright and entertaining. The author, who is a newspaper correspondent at the capital, has made a success. His descriptions of Washington official life are fresh and interesting, and his hero's adventures as a member of the lobby are well told. It is a pure, simple story, full of bright sayings and interesting situations woven about a plot of possible every day life. In some respects it reminds one of "The Earnest Trifler," though it is a book of a higher order than that of Miss Minnie Sprague. The story deals somewhat with the French spoliation claims, and shows how well the science of "how not to do it" has been perfected at Washington.

"I SAY NO;" or, the Love Letter Answered. By Wilkie Collins. Boards: 334 pp. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Whoever has read and admired Wilkie Collins's stories will need no other inducement to procure and read this novel than its mere announcement. Its plot is an exemplification and a proof, so far as the story goes, of the old adage, that "murder will out." The great skill of this master of fiction is brought to bear in the gradual unraveling of a supposed crime, which took place several years before the action of the story begins. The love story involved in the unraveling is most ingeniously worked out, and the author is as successful as of old in his life-like characters, who move and talk like real men and women, and not like puppets, the wires of which are worked by the author.

STORIES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. VI and VII. Cloth, pp. 134, 179; 50 cents each. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

These are the two latest issues of the most admirable set of little volumes, composed of a half-dozen short stories each, by various American authors. All have been before published, and are worthy of a permanent production in this pretty and convenient form. It is surprising that such a collection has not been attempted earlier, in view of the extraordinarily large proportion of strong work in American fiction which has been cast in the form of the short story.

If the publishers of the present collection are right, it will not only show the remarkably large number of contemporary American authors who have won general acknowledgment of their excellence in this field, but will surprise most readers by the number of capital and striking stories by less frequent writers, which are scattered through our recent periodical literature.

A COMMERCIAL TRIP WITH AN UNCOMMERCIAL ENDING. By Geo. H. Bartlett. Cloth, 141 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A light story of Washington life, without much plot to speak of, but all the same bright and entertaining. The author, who is a newspaper correspondent at the capital, has made a success. His descriptions of Washington official life are fresh and interesting, and his hero's adventures as a member of the lobby are well told. It is a pure, simple story, full of bright sayings and interesting situations woven about a plot of possible every day life. In some respects it reminds one of "The Earnest Trifler," though it is a book of a higher order than that of Miss Minnie Sprague. The story deals somewhat with the French spoliation claims, and shows how well the science of "how not to do it" has been perfected at Washington.

A RIGHTEOUS APOSTATE. By Clara Lanza. Cloth, 423 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A rather remarkable novel, showing undeniable power on the part of its author, although marred by some of the faults of a beginner. The scene is, for the most part, laid in New Mexico, although the local coloring given to the story thereby is very slight. The plot is fresh and the events told in a vigorous way—yet the old rule of "virtue triumphant and wrong rebuked" is reversed in the denouement. It is well worth a perusal.

THE MYSTERIES OF MARSEILLES; Or, the Loves of Blanche and Philippe. By Emile Zola. Cloth, $1, paper, 50 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This is an intense love story, overflowing with excitement and absorbing interest from beginning to end, while it bristles with the spiciest of details put in Zola's best and most effective manner. Unusual strength characterizes this truly remarkable and fascinating novel, and there is not a single line that the reader will not greedily devour, the only wish possible when the final word is reached being that there were more to come. A wholesale exposure of vice in Marseilles is given, and everything in the captivating romance is in that style of intense naturalism for which Zola, in "Nana," has become world famous.

THE CENTURY.

The bound numbers of the *Century* magazine for the current year—being volumes five and six of the present series—have been received from the publisher. The volumes are miniature libraries as well as art galleries in themselves, their nearly 2,000 pages being filled with the best of literature, illustrated with 665 engravings. The contents include American fiction, literary criticism and biography, papers on political and social topics, and art and architecture, and narratives of travel and adventure, special papers, sketches, etc. The poems include many of the productions of the best verse writers of the day.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The eleventh volume of *St. Nicholas*, bound in two parts, has just made its appearance. Of this delightful magazine for young folks it is only necessary to say that it is the worthy junior of the *Century.*

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The bound numbers of the *Magazine of Art* for 1884 make an extremely handsome volume, especially attractive to American lovers of art. The abundance and the high quality of its illustrations are noticeable, even in this age of fine bookmaking. They include woodcuts that compare favorably with the work of our best engravers, an etching by Macbeth, color prints of pictures, etc. Mr. F. A. Bridgman, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Dannat, and Mr. Wyatt Eaton are among the American artists whose works are treated of. Mr. Eaton's "Portrait of a Lady" is reproduced in wood engraving; as are Mr. Dannat's "Spanish Quartet," in this year's salon, and Mr. Bridgman's "Moorish Baby Taking His Bath at Home." There are many others equally good and striking portraits of distinguished persons.

THE WESTERN CRITIC.

We have received two numbers of a new literary journal, the *Western Critic*, devoted to literature, art, music, and the drama. It is a neat 16 page monthly, and gives promise of filling a vacant niche among the authors and poets of the West. It is edited by W. F. Feich, 136 North Fifth street, Columbus, O.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Table of contents for December:
Christmas Past—Charles Dudley Warner; The Dear Long Ago. A poem.—Margaret Sangster; A Few Days' more Driving.—William Black; She Stoops to Conquer. Part I.—Oliver Goldsmith; The Legend of Ogresaville. Thomas Dunn English; Emelie. A Poem; Flora. Full-page illustration; Nature's Serial Story. (Concluded.)—J. T. Roe; William Grobtyns. An outdoor sketch.—George H. Boughton, A. R. A.; The Old Homestead. A poem.—Wallace Bruce; Ballad of Christmas Ghosts, Christmas Violets. poems.—Andrew Lang; Farmer Worrall's Case. A story.—Saxe Holm; Recent German Art.—Charles W. Jenkins; Witchcraft, A. D. 1692. Witchcraft, A. D. 1884, poems.—E. C. Stedman; Tonetta. A story.—John Esten Cooke; The Elevator. A farce.—W. D. Howells; A Capillary Crime. A story.—F. D. Millet; "Clouds Lingering Yet." A sonnet.—William Wordsworth; The Judgment of Solomon. A poem.—R. H. Stoddard, A Dead Man's Face. A ghost story.—Hugh Conway; The Mythical Boat.—Phil Robinson; Musical Score for "The Dear Long."—W. W. Gilchrist; Editor's Drawer, The Universal Christmas Feast.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

With the December number *Cassell's Family Magazine* closes its volume for the year. The serial stories, "Within the Clasp" and "John Ford," which have held the interest of their readers for so many months, are finished. The frontispiece of the number illustrates a poem, the "Lover's Quarrel." The Cooper's Hill Engineering College is described by J. Mouro, C. E. Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming has turned her attention from the man-eaters of Fiji and gives us a glimpse of Norway. Catherine Owen describes Coney Island. An amusing and instructive paper on the duties of "Mr. Chairman," and "The Story of Atlantic Telegraphy," about conclude the number of special papers.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

The December number contains a fine steel plate engraving entitled "Sleeping Love." The poem by Mary Bradley is a very charming accompaniment to the frontispiece. "Maxwell's Ghost," a strong story by the same author, is concluded in the present number. A Christmas story, by Christian Reid, is another feature of this issue, and there are several good sketches beside. The publishers promise increased attractions, both literary and pictorial, during the coming year. A $300 prize story will appear in the January number, which will also be accompanied by a Christmas card and several special features.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The December number contains not only a great deal of good Christmas literature, but many other well-written and interesting articles on various subjects. "Santiago," "An Old Port and Bit of Shore," "A Canterbury Pilgrimage," and "The Angelic Painter," will repay reading; and the household suggestions are eminently practical and useful. The illustrations are numerous, among which is a fine photogravure of the "Mater Dolorosa" of Dolci. For 1885, we are promised a serial by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and another by Mr. Charles Barnard, as well as many new and interesting features.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

The December number makes a good finish for the 34th volume, or the eighth of the new series. Mr. Edmund Clarke's second and concluding paper on the French Broad river is animated and diverting. Charles Burr Todd contributes the best account of the Pennsylvania oil region that we have ever seen. Theodore Child's description of "A Visit to Naples" freshens an old and well-worn subject. The serial novel, "A Week in Killarney," by the author of "Phyllis," etc., is brought to a happy conclusion, and there are two more chapters of Miss Thacker'ay's "Aurora." Miss Osgood's "Felicie's Reception" is a ghastly but well-written short story; so also is "Somehow," by Mary B. Francis.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The leading article in the *North American Review* for December is "Labor and Capital before the Law," by Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan. To the same number William K. Ackerman contributes some suggestive "Notes on Railway Management." Dr. Schliemann tells what he found in his excavations of the ruins of Tiryns, in Southern Greece, and Principal Sharp supplements his scholarly article on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry" with one on "Friendship in English Poetry." The other articles in the number are, "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Burtis, and "Responsibility for State Roguery," by Jno. F. Hume.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers for November 15 and 28 contain "Memoirs of the Earl of Malmesbury," *Edinburg;* "The Nature of Democracy," *Quarterly;* "Pascal's 'Pensees,'" *British Quarterly;* "Has the Newest World the Oldest Population? *London Quarterly;* "Modern Quakerism," *Modern Review;* "Coleridge's Intellectual Influence," "Changes in Diet and Medicine," "Carlyle on Religion and Art," and "The Place of Art in History," *Spectator;* "Queen Margerite," *Chambers;* "Italian Summers—a Praise of Indolence," *Saturday Review;* "Carlyle in London," *Athenaeum;* "Wolf Hunting in England," *Antiquary;* with installments of "Beauty and the Beast," "At Any Cost," "Tommy" and "Checco," and poetry. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

THINGS WE EAT.

Fish, at Constantine, Mich., are being exterminated by dynamite.

Bananas are beginning to ripen around Palatka, Florida.

Quantities of weakfish were lately washed ashore at Holly Beach, N. J.

Europe cannot begin to get along without United States meat.

Northeastern Ohio is being dotted with carp ponds.

Boys in Spirit Lake, Iowa, make a good thing catching frogs to sell.

Paris is now agitated over the price of bread. The bakers refuse to reduce their prices and much excitement is the result.

Bismarck is a zealous pisciculturist, and every stream and lake near his estate is well stocked.

The crop of oranges in Malta, so highly prized on European tables on account of delicate flavor and thin skins, is more abundant this year than ever before.

The bread now baked at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii that were put in the oven 2,000 years ago.

The October rains caught a part of the grape crop in California. One extensive viniculturist estimates the total damage done at about $1,000,000. The grape crop, in the matter of maturity, was as much as ten days behind an average season, and the rains came rather earlier than usual.

A Waterloo (N. Y.) lady opened a fruit jar of peaches on Sunday last, which had been canned and hermetically sealed for 24 years. They were put up in the Fall when Abraham Lincoln was first elected President, and were in a good state of preservation.

In spite of the low price of flour and wheat, it is claimed that the price of bread is as high as ever. The situation at present existing once prevailed in England. Until the press took the matter up, the bakers refused to lower the price of bread to correspond with the cheapness of flour. Already the New York *Commercial Advertiser* is calling public attention to the subject.

Some of the scientific papers are publishing an item to the effect that we are indebted to Pompeii for the canned fruit industry. It appears that soon after the excavations had commenced a party of Americans found some jars of preserved figs in the pantry of a lava covered house. The contents were found to be good, and during the next year fruit-canning was introduced into the United States.

The pompano is considered by dealers to be the choicest American marine fish, and it now sells in the New York market for 50 cents per pound. Hitherto the average weight of the fish brought to market has been about three pounds, but this week two pompano caught on the Maine coast and sent to New York weighed 25 pounds each. The pompano is essentially a Southern fish, but is now found in deep water all along the Atlantic coast.

The British shows a growing appetite for Canadian cheese. There were 38,548,200 pounds imported from the Dominion in the first nine months of the current year, against 23,350,000 for the same time in 1882, and 22,441,880 in 1883, and this when the total from all other countries but this was only 26,518,200 pounds. The American importation in the time was 78,503,400 pounds.

The Worst Urethral Strictures
speedily cured by our new radical methods Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. Wells's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Great Intellect Exhibited by a Presidential Candidate.

A Governor having received a Presidential nomination was trotting contentedly along the road to Albany with it, when, crossing Salt Creek on a log, he saw the reflection of himself and his Presidential bone.

"Why do you not drop that old bone?" said a hungry Delaware fish, looking at it earnestly, "and jump for this nice fresh one you see in the water?"

"Because," said the wily Governor, "a Governor in the hand is worth two Presidents in the sweet by and by."

And he held on to what he already had.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Society Note.

A newly married New York lady rebuked her husband in the following terms:

"Before we were married, George, you used to call and see me every evening. Now you go off to your club and get drunk. You have entirely a different mode of life now from what you had then."

"No, Emiline, my mode of life is not changed, only I have reversed things. Before I was married I used to call around in the evening to see you and then I went to the club room and got tight, but now I go to the club room first, and get tight, and then I come to see you."—*Texas Siftings.*

ABOUT WOMEN.

The Princess Louise's health is now better than it has been for some years, thanks to Gastein and the Tyrol.

Mrs. Hester, of Monroe, Ga., has peach brandy made 65 years ago.

Miss Frances Willard advocates abstinence from too rich foods, as well as from strong drinks.

Miss Alice Longfellow did not return home with her sister Annie, but remains at Newnham College, England.

Mrs. Mackey has refurnished her house in Florence and will spend much of the winter there, Gen. Guzman Blanco occupying in her absence her house in Paris.

Two women of Siam have petitioned the king to take from their husbands the right to pledge them in the payment of gambling debts.

Anna Katharine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case" and other stories, is to be married on November 25 to one Charles Rohlfs.

One hundred and fifty pounds of pure gold and a basketful of rubies were among the valuables of the dowager Queen of Burmah before she was removed from power.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead.

Miss Anna Harkness, the violinist, under the name of Arma Senkrah, has been meeting with great success during a concert tour in Germany.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, has recovered from her recent severe illness, and is at her home in Staten Island, N. Y.

Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, has donated $8,000 to the National Academy of Sciences, the income of which is to be used for the encouragement of scientific investigation.

Miss Vera Manning, second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Manning, and niece of the Cardinal, is to take the veil early in December. The young lady inherits £50,000 under her father's will.

Miss Emily Harper, of Baltimore, who last week gave a reception to the prelates in attendance on the Catholic Council, is a daughter of Robert Goodloe Harper and grand daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

"Aunt" Katy Tanner, an old colored woman of miserly habits, who had no relatives, died recently at Oswego, N. Y. She bequeathed her fortune, amounting to $10,000, to F. F. Goff, a young lawyer of Waverly, who had shown her some kindnesses.

Anne Whitney, the sculpter, whose last work is Harriet Martineau's statue, has a farm of 175 acres, over which the White Mountain range towers and through which the Androscoggin runs, and which she farms practically.

Miss Elizabeth W

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm in some to a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for it is important should never be written on the ground with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

B. F. W., Ozark, Ala.: We cannot give you any information in regard to the value of the coin.

S. E. H., Towanda, Pa.: Pres. Grant vetoed the equalization bounty bill, for the reason, as he claimed, it was unjust to a certain class of soldiers.

D. M., Pickering, Mo.:
1. Please give a correct definition of sound.
2. What is the value of a Mexican doubloon?
1. The dictionaries give very good definitions.
2. About $15.75.

George Gilkison, of Trivoli, Kan., wants the address of two BLADE correspondents in Tennessee—D. L. Goodwin and A. L. S.

E. W. D., Pella, Ill.: Half dollars of 1805 are quoted at 55 cents.

H. W. V., Sonora, Va.:
1. Does the United States furnish German carp fish to aquariums? 2. If so, to whom must I apply?
1. Yes. 2. Prof. Baird, Washington, D. C.

J. C., Van Wert, Iowa:
Did McGeorge, the Irish sunset, hold office under the British government since he became a naturalized citizen of the United States?

It is so said by those who are supposed to know.

J. A. S., Penn Yan, N. Y.:
1. Is Mosby, the guerilla, minister to any foreign country? 2. If so who appointed him? 3. What was Gilfoan's politics?
1. Yes. 2. Grant. 2. He claimed to be a Republican.

A. F., Lewiston, Me.:
How many Republicans and Democrats will there be in congress from Ohio after March 4, 1885?

In the House, eleven Democrats and ten Republicans. In the Senate, one of each party.

E. J. Ferris Ill.:
Who is Olive Logan?

Actress, lecturer and a piquant writer, born in New York in 1841. She married Edmund A. Dolfe in 1857, was divorced in 1865, and retired from the stage in 1868.

E. M., Garrison City, Colorado: The members of the Electoral College can vote for whom they please; but if one of them betrayed his constituents his stay in this country would probably be limited. As St John and Butler have no electoral votes to barter, your questions are irrelevant.

C. G. F., Spencerville, O.: Quite a number of Democrats, soon after the close of the war, advocated the repudiation of the public debt. Some of their papers took the same ground. Vallandigham opposed the war from the start, and, we think, asserted he would never vote for a man or a dollar to subdue the South.

E. B., Edredeville, Pa.:
1. What is the duty on distilled spirits imported into the United States? 2. Also beer?
1. Wines, in quart bottles, $2 per dozen bottles; still wines, in casks, 50 cents per gallon; brandy, etc., not specifically provided for, $2 per proof gallon. 2. Ale, porter, and beer, in bottles or jugs, 35 cents per gallon; otherwise than in bottles or jugs, 20 cents per gallon.

Reader, Union City, Ind.:
Please give the number of persons, white and black, separately, who can not read and write, in each state and territory.

The table below is made up from the returns of the census for 1880. It may not be just what you want, but we cannot spare the space to give the full tables, showing sex, age, etc.:

States and Territories.	Aggregate Population, 10 years and over.	Cannot read—10 years and over.	Aggregate white and colored who cannot write.
Alabama	851,780	370,279	433,447
Arizona	9,299	5,022	5,022
Arkansas	581,876	153,629	202,015
California	681,662	48,883	58,430
Colorado	158,203	9,321	10,474
Connecticut	496,398	20,966	28,624
Dakota	99,949	3,694	4,821
Delaware	184,670	20,219	20,183
Georgia	1,043,849	446,683	520,416
Idaho	25,005	1,384	1,778
Illinois	2,294,918	96,879	141,997
Indiana	1,468,954	70,088	130,761
Iowa	1,181,641	38,117	49,669
Kansas	704,257	23,503	29,476
Kentucky	1,163,496	295,185	348,982
Louisiana	649,697	307,312	318,280
Maine	5,9,648	18,181	22,720
Maryland	690,364	111,872	134,488
Massachusetts	1,432,183	45,635	92,980
Michigan	1,184,915	45,635	92,980
Minnesota	559,979	20,551	34,546
Mississippi	759,698	315,614	373,301
Missouri	1,507,631	188,818	208,744
Montana	31,981	1,330	1,707
Nebraska	346,871	7,872	11,185
Nevada	50,666	3,709	4,069
New Hampshire	296,188	11,982	14,502
New Jersey	865,991	89,136	93,249
New Mexico	59,467	27,350	27,350
New York	3,98,,428	166,625	219,600
North Carolina	999,951	367,990	473,975
Ohio	2,200,991	86,734	131,547
Oregon	130,765	5,007	7,422
Oregon Territory	1,000,516	146,776	225,107
Rhode Island	220,461	17,476	24,788
South Carolina	677,426	321,780	369,548
Tennessee	1,092,188	294,987	410,728
Texas	1,604,,481	203,978	316,662
Utah	97,194	4,851	8,859
Vermont	294,002	12,963	15,337
Virginia	1,069,,34	361,,430	483,352
Washington	75,,116	3,,671	4,,361
West Virginia	428,387	52,041	55,370
Wisconsin	965,,712	38,693	55,,035
Wyoming	16,479	427	506
Grand total	26,761,,467	4,923,451	6,239,958

States and Territories.	White, 10 Years of Over, with Nativity, Who Cannot Write. Total.	Native.	Foreign.	Total colored, including Chinese and Indians.
Alabama	111,760	111,042	727	321,680
Arizona	4,581	1,127	3,509	1,018
Arkansas	98,,54	97,,99	559	103,963
California	26,,09	7,,66	18,443	27,,34
Colorado	2,,,76	1,,,68	1,,,08	568
Connecticut	26,,76	3,,,72	23,,03	1,,661
Dakota	4,,,31	3,,,27	1,,,04	604
Delaware	8,,,48	6,,,30	1,,,716	11,,068
Dist. of Columbia	3,,,68	1,,,90	2,,,038	21,,790
Florida	19,,63	19,,024	739	60,,430
Georgia	128,,934	128,,393	542	391,,482
Idaho	784	88,,519	43,,902	12,,971
Illinois	127,,,

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, Dec. 4, 1884.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, one year, $1.00, six months, 60 cents, three months, 30 cents. Clubs of 11, on year, $10—our best terms to agents for club (Any club, every eleventh copy free, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, post-paid free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 157,000.

STRONG TESTIMONY.

The enormous circulation of the BLADE (given above) is among the best classes of the community. It is read every week by at least three-quarters of a million people. This makes it the very best medium in America for advertisers; and the strongest testimony to this fact is given by our advertisers themselves. One says: "The BLADE is the best advertising medium I ever tried." Another says: "My orders by mail have nearly doubled since I inserted my advertisement in your columns." Make a note of this, advertisers!

TO TEMPERANCE MEN EVERYWHERE

This is Addressed to Every Man or Woman who is Willing to do Some Work for Humanity.

That something practical may come of the revival of temperance sentiment in the the United States, that the opponents of the Rum Power may work intelligently and to some purpose, we have prepared a declaration of principles of the Prohibitionists of the United States, properly ruled for signatures, for the use of those who are willing to give time this winter for the organization of their voting precincts, to the end of electing legislatures that will take some steps toward the killing out of the great curse of the age.

The Declaration of Principles is a brief and pointed statement of the situation as regards the Rum Power, put in as few words as possible, and the pledge which the decent men of the country are asked to sign is simply to vote for no candidate for the Legislature or any office which has any bearing upon the Rum question, who shall not pledge himself to vote for the submission of Prohibition to the people.

The movement is strictly non-partisan, and any man, Republican or Democrat, who desires the killing out of Rum may sign it without scruple or fear that it will affect his relations to his party.

These documents are now being printed and will be ready for mailing before this number of the BLADE reaches its readers.

We want nothing but the cost of printing and postage, and if the friends of the cause are not able to pay that, we will furnish them gratis.

Our plan is a very simple one. A meeting of the friends of temperance should be held in every township, and the town be thoroughly canvassed. Every man and woman who desires the extinction of the Liquor Traffic should be asked to put his and her desire upon paper. When the townships have been canvassed a county mass convention should be held, and the county thoroughly organized.

There is no use in trifling with this thing—the Rum Power can be broken. It will require a desperate struggle to do it, and it cannot be commenced too soon.

Send at once for the documents, and when received make the canvass of your voting precincts and complete the organization. We want to know our strength.

Result something to pay the cost of printing and postage. Twenty-five cents will be sufficient to pay for enough blanks to organize a county, and ten cents will suffice for a township.

Commence this work at once. Address,

D. R. LOCKE, BLADE, Toledo, O.

M. FERRY has made during the week a strong speech in the French Chamber of Deputies in regard to affairs in Tonquin. He declared that the Paris Government, in conducting the Tonquin affair, had only followed the lead laid down by the Chamber in voting the credits to pay for the expeditions. To most observers the votes of credit have seemed to follow the action in Tonquin. But the deputies cheered, and M. FERRY has asked for $8,000,000, which will be promptly voted and a great deal more which will be needed before the affair is over.

WE never received so many renewals or so many new subscribers at this time of the year as now. It shows that the BLADE is appreciated and the people are in full sympathy with it. We can take care of a circulation of a quarter of a million, and that is what we want. Send for specimens, and the names of your friends everywhere for specimen copies, and when you send your renewal get a neighbor to join you. Spread the light.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS met on Monday, and listened to the President's message. It is not probable that much of importance will be done before the Christmas holidays.

THE business failures in the United States and Canada during the past week were 249, a decrease of 28 over the preceding week, and five more than for the corresponding week of 1883.

THE weather has been favorable to cotton-picking, for hardening and drying the corn, for checking the rank growth of winter wheat, and for curing tobacco. The grain markets have been firm and higher for wheat and weak for corn, in which spot and near-by positions of old corn have been merely aligning themselves with new corn, which is coming forward very freely and in an unusually merchantable condition for this stage of the season.

LIVE stock and hog products have been more favorable to sellers, while cotton has exhibited a mild tendency of reaction from the late rather rapid advance. Liverpool has has been more indifferent as a buyer, partly on account of a less pacific outlook in respect to the Franco-Chinese war, and is, besides, somewhat more than ordinarily independent on account of very heavy purchases in advance of the rise. In the meanwhile American manufacturers have been "put in a hole" temporarily by a considerable increase in the cost of their goods, while unable to establish a corresponding advance in card rates. Prints cloths are 1-16 cents higher, plus one per cent., in lieu of a discount of one per cent., but this is the only advance in the cotton goods markets. The metal markets have been decidedly tame in temper, and the general condition of the iron and coal trades remain quite as unsatisfactory as at any previous point of the year.

IN Western centers exchange on New York continues favorable to that city, though rates are lower than a week ago. This decline is more largely due to an increasing scarcity of currency, on account of shipments to the country by the provision, breadstuff and cotton trades, than to the amount of bills offering against current shipments of produce. The New York banks have added $2,004,000 to their already unprecedented reserves. The banks now hold in specie and legal tender reserves $123,721,000, their deposits amount to $325,825,400, and their loans $285,514,700. A year ago the reserves amounted to $85,458,000, deposits $317,035,100 and loans $325,746,700. There have been additional liberal receipts of foreign gold, but a further rise in foreign exchange signifies, in connection with the resolute stand taken by the Bank of England, that such exports will be stopped.

THE Secretary of War reports that the regimental rolls for about 100,000 men, of the war of the rebellion, in his office, are nearly destroyed by constant reference to them for pension purposes, and asks for an appropriation for 100 clerks for three months to recopy them. Less than one cent in $1,000.

THE state canvassing board of Illinois decided that BRAND (Dem.) is not elected state senator from Chicago, and refused to give him a certificate of election. The case with the evidence was referred, under the law, to the governor for final decision. He gave the certificate to LEMAN (Rep.), which makes the legislature a tie.

THE much prized white fish of the great lakes is threatened with extermination, notwithstanding the lakes are freely stocked with young fish every year. The trouble is due to the use of trap nets, which destroy great numbers of fish before they are half grown.

DISCONTENT in Ireland threatens to break out again in violence. Secret societies are very active in Dublin, and all over the provinces Young Ireland societies are rapidly multiplying. A collection of the speeches of the Parnellites in the country has been made and published in the London *Times*, showing fully their inflammatory character. The tendency will be to have a modifying effect upon the influence of the Parnell party in the House of Commons.

MATTERS seem to be proceeding very harmoniously in the GLADSTONE-SALISBURY arrangement. Mr. GLADSTONE has told the Liberals why they should favor the franchise compromise from a Liberal point of view, and Lord SALISBURY at the same time has made it 'clear to the Conservatives why they should incline toward it, on Tory principles. Meantime, the Radicals are more reconciled to the situation, probably owing to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S influence. The reason for this acquiescence on all sides probably lies in the hope which each element sees, or thinks it sees, of future political advantage to be gained by a compromise. It is no longer a question of principle, but of practical politics.

THE present conflict in Madrid between Liberality and Illiberality is widening. At first it was confined to the narrow circle of an intolerant bishop and a thinking professor; then it took in the authorities of the University and the students; and now the municipal authorities and the general government are involved. It would not be in any way remarkable if the circle should grow still wider, and its boundaries finally coincide with those of the nation. Dissatisfaction with ALFONSO'S government exists in many places in Spain, and the King's delicate state of health adds to public uneasiness.

A VERY funny thing has happened in the Congo conference. The Portugese delegates have taken a strong position against slave trade in Africa, proposing to prohibit it entirely. Considering that this country of all nations in Europe has been most persistent in trading with slave merchants, although done in a quiet way, the sudden assumption of virtue is open to suspicion. It is a good thing, however, to have Portugal upon the right side whatever be the motive.

PRINCE BISMARCK has always been opposed to the payment of members of the German parliament for their legislative services. It is said that he fears the voting of the appropriation would in some way be another obstacle in the way of his plans. The Reichstag, however, has presumed to differ from the prince, and has passed a resolution in favor of paying its members for serving their country. This result is a set back for BISMARCK, but it can hardly be called a defeat. The point is not an essential one in his large schemes.

RUM IN POLITICS.

There is no estimating the power of Rum in politics. It wields more influence than the manufacturing or mercantile interests, more than all the other interests combined. The reason for this is the power of unity. The South ruled the country for generations, while in a minority, because the South had but one interest, Slavery, to care for, and the North was divided on other questions. By bargaining with either division of the North, the South could hold control.

What Slavery was 20 years ago to parties, Rum is now. The Brewer and Distiller have no politics. They do not care a straw for Tariffs, Banks, Internal Revenue, Internal Improvements, or anything else. The Brewer has a profit of something like $2 a barrel on beer, and a Distiller a still greater one on whisky, and all they consider in matters governmental is the effect legislation may have upon the sale of Beer and Whisky. They care nothing for party or principles. They would as soon bargain with Republicans as Democrats, the only point with them being a bargain that will permit them to pursue their crime and pauper-breeding trade unmolested and unrestricted.

In most of the states the Liquor interest has joined hands with the Democracy, because the leaders of that organization were more willing to bargain with them. The Republican party makes no bargains of the kind.

We instance Chicago as a point where the Rum interest has always had its own way. As a specimen of its work this will answer.

At the late election 94 of the 165 voting places in that rum-ridden city were located in saloons! Think of it! Ninety-four out of 165!

In the Eighteenth ward of that city the polls were placed as follows:

1. No. 504 Rush	Saloon
2. Turner Hall	Saloon
3. Chicago and Wells	Saloon
4. No. 55 North Wells	Saloon
5. Indiana and Wells	Saloon
6. No. 195 North Clark	Saloon
7. Huron and Clark	Saloon
8. Erie and St. Clair	Saloon
9. No. 258½ Kinzie	Saloon

The object of this was, the saloon men wanted the polls located with reference to giving them a good days' trade, and the bummer Democratic politicians wanted them so located that decent men would hesitate about voting at all. The polls were so placed that a decent man would be subject to the insults, the ribaldry, the nastiness inseparable from saloons filled with drunken loafers maddened with liquor, and rather than endure it would stay away. It was bold seizure of the ballot-box, just as bold as though the decent element in society had been kept away by force of arms.

This usurpation is the least objectionable feature of Rum in politics. The danger goes a long way back of this, in fact this is only the ending of the work commenced long before. Rum controls caucuses and Rum makes the majorities that govern the country. It is easy enough to demonstrate its fearful power.

In a city like Toledo there are 800 whisky and beer-shops. The city has about 16,000 votes; the 800 saloons have employed each an average of two votes, which gives them 1,600, and the mass of habitual drunkards whose votes can be purchased for a week's supply of whiskey will average at least two to a saloon. This makes a total whisky-controlled vote of 3,200, which can be cast as a unit on any question on which the liquor interest is united, and on any effort to have good government the decency always finds them united against it. On all questions affecting the morals of the people this vote is always cast as a whole. The liquor interest holds the balance of power between the parties.

As we said the Brewer has no politics. He simply wants the unrestrained right to prey upon his fellow man, he wants the right to take to himself the entire earnings of whoever he can fasten his fangs into, leaving their wives to starve and their children only the horrible inheritance of beggary and crime. He votes for this and nothing else. He will bargain with a tariff party or an anti-tariff party, with a pro-slavery or anti slavery party, it is all one to him. The party that will pledge itself to give him this pirate's commission, that will permit him to raise the black flag and cruise under it, will get his vote and the votes of his satellites. That is all there is about it.

This power locates the polling places in Chicago in doggeries; this power controls caucuses and carries elections. This power by holding the balance of power between parties, virtually rules the country.

It is satisfied with nothing less than full control. It challenges the right of the people to tax it, and it scouts at the idea of so mild a restraint as license. Twice it has carried the State of Ohio, and more than once it has carried the State of New York. It has power in every State, and it does not scruple to use it.

And it exercises this power with an arrogance that should bring about opposition were it not a fraction of the curse it is. It would be bad enough were an interest that has good in it to assume so complete a control of matters governmental, but when this especial one, in which there is not only no good but unmixed evil, this interest which is undermining everything that is good in society and politics, this interest which is the great king curse of the world, whose sole business it is to ruin families, and destroy children, this fountain-head of crime and pauperism, when such an interest demands more power, it is high time to call a halt.

As the liquor interest is united irrespective of parties against the people, the people, irrespective of parties, must oppose it and hunt it to its death. This is to be done:

1st. By the decent men uniting, irrespective of party, and electing legislatures that will submit amendments prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor.

2d. By every man who hates the Rum Power voting for the ratification of the amendments.

3d. The organization of the decent people into leagues to see that the amendments are enforced.

This is the only way to
Pulverize the Rum Power.

"Do you see any good coming out of it?" The "it" in this case is a whisky bottle, and what does come out of it is shown very plainly and effectively. We are sending this very striking cartoon out by the thousand. It costs nothing to get it but a request by postal card. We are printing 100,000 of them, and want them posted in every Shop, Mill, Store and Grocery store from Maine to Texas.

THE MESSAGE.

Pres. ARTHUR'S final message is to be noted for two things: the absence of politics, and the number of business-like suggestions for future legislation. It can not be hoped that many of these will receive the attention they merit at the hands of Congress, during the present brief session, with the calendar crowded with business.

Among those on which Congress may reasonably be expected to take action are: the recommendation to stop the coinage of silver dollars; to abolish all excise duties except those on distilled spirits—although there will be a strong whisky lobby on hand this winter from the West asking for the repeal or reduction of the tax on their product; the rehabilitation of the navy; the improvement of our coastwise defenses; of subsidies to ocean steamship lines—a matter which will provoke much discussion, pro and con; a national bankrupt law; and the matter of the new Spanish treaty.

Perhaps the question of how the circulation of national banks is to be secured is as puzzling as any matter to which the President alludes. The three per cents are the chief basis for the national bank circulation. Within the past year over one hundred millions have been retired, and fifty millions will be called in during the coming year, if the present financial policy of the government is adhered to. This involves a constant contraction of the national bank note circulation; and the question of how to obviate this is a pressing one. The measure recommended by Mr. ARTHUR—permitting the banks to issue notes equal in amount to the face value of their bond deposits—is but a "stop-gap" measure, necessarily temporary in its operation, even if the bill which has already passed the Senate is agreed to by the House.

Then the Mormon question will come up for solution. Utah will ask for admission to the Union, without doubt, during the winter, and the recommendation of the President, that the territory be placed in the hands of a commission, with almost absolute power to check the Mormon iniquity by any and all means, will meet with strong opposition from the Democratic members.

If the Republicans of the Senate stand firmly by the civil service law, it cannot be repealed, although there seems no doubt but that the Democrats will make a strong effort to do so. We may therefore look to see no attention paid to the President's recommendations as to enlarging the scope of that law, so as to embrace a greater number of appointive offices. The pressure of "hungry and thirsty" Democratic office-seekers will be too great.

The President's observations on the tariff and our foreign commerce are worthy of study. He recommends a series of reciprocal commercial treaties with other American countries, which shall foster an unhampered movement of trade; the relinquishment of consular fees on vessels of treaty nations; the establishment of a uniform currency basis for the countries of America; and the enactment of laws favoring the construction and maintenance of the steam carrying marine under the flag of the United States. These are all wise measures, and he recommends them as those, in his opinion, by which we shall be able to raise our merchant marine from its present enfeebled condition, and new markets be provided for the sale beyond our borders of the manifold fruits of our industrial enterprises. Mr. ARTHUR truly says: "The countries of the American continent and the adjacent islands are, for the United States, the natural market of supply and demand. It is from them that we should obtain what we do not produce, or do not produce in sufficiency, and it is to them that the surplus productions of our fields, our mills and our workshops should flow, under conditions that will equalize or favor them in comparison with foreign competition." The problem is a complex one—to do this, and at the same time maintain the wages of labor, greater in this country than anywhere else in the world. It is one that will tax the wisdom of our lawgivers. We shall have more to say upon this important topic hereafter.

TO TEMPERANCE MEN.

Will the friends of Temperance be good enough to send us the addresses of the active Temperance men in their localities, and for that matter anywhere in the United States. We want as many as possible, and as soon as possible.

IT is asserted that Sen. CONGER, of Michigan, will soon resign his seat to accept the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He is a close friend of the President. He and his family prefer Washington to any other city as a place of residence, and Chief Justice CARTTER, of the District Supreme bench, is expected to resign soon. The position on the bench is a good one, lasts for life, the salary is higher than that of a senator, and the holder of the place is permanently located in Washington. There will be a number of candidates for the senatorship, the leading ones being Rep. HOAR, JAY HUBBELL, Mr. LUCE, and B. F. STOCKBRIDGE, of Kalamazoo.

THERE is no paper in the United States that is so thoroughly hated as by the liquor dealers as the WEEKLY BLADE. It is the first and only secular political family newspaper that ever took square ground for Prohibition, and made a war against it that really accomplished something. We shall not stop till the public conscience is thoroughly aroused on this question, and something practical is accomplished. All we want is readers enough.

THE present Senate contains 38 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and two Readjusters—RIDDLEBERGER and MAHONE—who usually vote with the Republicans. After March 4, FARLEY of California and SLATER of Oregon, both Democrats, will be succeeded by Republicans, and Gen. LOGAN, of Illinois, will probably be succeeded by a Democrat. The elections in other states will not affect the relative strength of the two parties. So the Senate, after March 4, will contain 39 Republicans, 35 Democrats, and the two Readjusters; and even if MAHONE and RIDDLEBERGER vote with the Democrats, the Republicans are sure of a clear majority of two over all.

WE will send the BLADE three months for 30 cents, and in clubs of four, three months for 25 cents each. That is, $1 furnishes four families with the best paper in the world for three months.

SHORT RANGE PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

It is now announced that the ST. JOHN Prohibitionists in Kansas, who were dissatisfied with the recent meeting of the State Temperance Union at Topeka, have called a convention for December 16. The whole ground of their dissatisfaction may be given in a sentence—the Union expressed itself, in effect, as against a National Prohibition party, and in favor of the BLADE'S plan, of action within state lines. The general sentiment of the meeting may be gathered from the report of the Committee on Plans, which was referred to the Executive Board for consideration:

The committee on plans of work and finance of the Kansas State Temperance Union, that met at Topeka, Kan., November 19, 1884, made the following report to the convention, which was referred to the executive board for their consideration:

Your committee on plans of work and finance recommend—

First—That we approve of the plans of work followed by the State Temperance Union last year, and urge a more extended, persistent and thorough organization of the work throughout the State.

Second—That a vigorous effort be made to raise subscriptions in sums $100 and less, payable annually for three years, or during the war, as a fund for the prosecution of the work until the saloon-keeper has been driven into the last ditch, and has surrendered unconditionally. We further recommend, that in localities where funds are needed, and a local organization is perfected for the prosecution of the work at home, one-half of the funds raised by agents of the state Union be devoted to the local work.

Third—In order that we may strengthen the cause of prohibition in the state and nation, and restore the confidence of the good friends who have stood by us in our noble fight for temperance and the homes of the people, we would recommend that a new line of work be marked out; and we think at this critical period in the history of this great moral question, no state can so appropriately start out in this new line of work as Kansas. Therefore, we recommend that in order to more effectually promote the cause of prohibition and secure uniform state action, this State Temperance union appoint, upon the recommendation of the president, two persons at large from the state, and two persons from each congressional district in Kansas, to at once take measures to organize the United States, on the lines of State Prohibition work; and that they be directed to secure the co-operation and assistance of the Toledo BLADE as one of their organs, for the reason that the Toledo BLADE is one of the most powerful exponents of this line of practical, short-range prohibition work in the United States.

A short-range fight is the most destructive. It means hot, hand-to-hand work, and a sure and speedy triumph for the right. So long as the Prohibition people hold conventions, and pass resolutions, and nominate third-party tickets, so long the liquor men can afford to laugh at them. That is a fight at long range. It is easy to dodge the paper missiles fired at them by the Prohibitionists. But when such artillery practice is abandoned—when each and every candidate for the state legislature is compelled to come out boldly and make choice between Prohibition and Rum; when he knows that his own campaign must be fought on that line, that his ticket, be it Republican or Democratic, will not "pull him through," as he will be elected or defeated on an issue that does not affect any other man on the ticket—then there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Beer Bosses, the Whisky men, and their slavish allies. That is what a "short-range" campaign means in Ohio.

In Kansas the work is different, and, if possible, more important. It is the formation of Leagues to enforce the Prohibitory legislation already on the statute books. They will have a hard and disagreeable work to do, but it must be done. The Rum Power must be hunted down in the holes in which it is hiding. There must be men found in every county, in every township, in very ward of every city, in every locality where liquor is surreptitiously sold, to follow up the men who defy the law, and see that its penalties are meted out to them without fear or favor. Whisky and beer selling must be made too dangerous an occupation for any one to engage therein. Just so soon as it is found that there are honest, bold, fearless men on guard, that the risk of detection is so great as to be almost a certainty, then they will go into honest occupations, and leave this traffic to die a natural death. The fight will be a long one, a hard one, but the victory is sure for Prohibition, if the liquor sellers are hunted down continually.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Elsewhere will be found the BLADE'S announcement of Holiday Presents for its patrons. There is nothing in the market more useful than what we offer, and certainly nothing that can be procured for less money.

We ask those contemplating the purchase of anything in the way of Holiday Goods to not only make their selection from this list, but to make their orders immediately, that we may have time to execute them promptly and properly. There will, else, be a rush just before Christmas, and many will be disappointed in the very important matter of time.

Make your orders at once, and they will be filled in time.

We most confidently recommend the Books, Picture and Watch, assuring our patrons that they will not be disappointed in either of them.

THE Rum-sellers are thoroughly organized, and always have been. They have money to use in protecting their nefarious traffic, and it is very easily gotten at. When the President of a State Liquor-sellers' League wants money to carry an election, corrupt a judge or interpose legal impediments in the way of prosecution, he simply levies so much upon every Brewer, so much upon every Distiller, so much upon every Wholesaler and so much upon every Retailer, and they all pay, and pay promptly. $150,000 was raised in the state of Ohio to defeat Judge FORAKER, within ten days of the election, and it did it.

While temperance men have not a money interest in forwarding their cause, they have an interest nevertheless that should induce them to something like liberality. They can at least give the time for organization, and money enough to defray the expenses of organization. This is all that is necessary. The common sense of any community is enough to induce concert of action in the matter, and the cost of maintaining an organization is very little. Organization is all that is needed. The liquor interest is vulnerable at every point, and there should be but little trouble in killing it.

OUR friends who receive the cartoon, "Do you see any good coming out of it?" should paste them up where they will stay. We want to plaster the country with it, and those that are to follow. It costs nothing to get it, nothing to post it, and it is a sermon that will have an effect. We will mail them to any address, asking nothing but that they will be put where they will do the most good.

THE AMERICAN CARRYING TRADE.

The discussion for measures for the revival of American commerce is again attracting attention. Both the Republicen and Democratic parties are committed to such a policy; but the difficulty is, how can it be carried out? The government cannot build ships and go into the carrying trade; and the fact remains that our capitalists can realize greater returns for their money in other channels. If ocean freighting were as profitable as other lines of business, private enterprise would not be slow to enter the field against foreign ship owners.

Any feasible plan must, in some way, overcome the objection of small returns. The idea most generally discussed is that of a government subsidy. This is the quickest way, but it is one which will meet with opposition from the masses, who do not consider the question in all its bearings. Among the other plans which have been mentioned is that of a new "navigation law." On this point the Philadelphia *American* says:

The English navigation laws, adopted in Commonwealth times and retained until 1850, are worthy of study. They simply debarred foreign vessels from taking into English ports the products of any country but their own. At that time the Dutch carried the produce of half the world to London and Bristol. The new law confined them to those of Holland and its American and East India possessions, and this put an end to the Dutch monopoly. A similar law enacted for America, with a year's notice as to its operations, would shut the British and Norwegian marine out of all our carrying trade except that between those countries and our own. It would give such an opening for the construction and use of American ships, especially in the trade with South and Central America, as would carry into ship-building and ship-owning all the capital it would be wise for us to invest in that way for some years to come.

The *American* also speaks with favor of the old American practice of laying heavier duties on goods imported in foreign bottoms. The last of these duties was repealed only a few years ago, and referred to goods brought from the East in Dutch vessels. By this means the use of our own ships would be made more profitable, and our marine enlarged without a penny being taken from the treasury,

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO GET THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

In response to the requests of our friends a great many people will receive this number of the BLADE who are not subscribers. We ask all such to examine it, and, if they like it, to subscribe therefor. We claim there is no paper printed which gives so much for the money,—none so good and so cheap. $1 a year, 30 cents for three months. Send in your subscription immediately.

ENGLISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is no wonder that the large vote upon LABOUCHERE'S resolution offered in the House of Commons recently, proposing to abolish the House of Lords, was received with an astonishment bordering upon dismay. Notwithstanding the agitation occurring now and then upon the subject, it has not really been considered possible that any large number of persons desired to do away with a part of the governmental machinery that dates farther back than the Commons itself. The vote shows that it is something more than a passing thought, but has been seriously debated in the minds of thinking people and its feasibility made a problem for solution.

There is no doubt but that a certain class of thinking people are coming to look with less and less favor upon all that pertains to a monarchy, and that Republican institutions are growing in their favor. The conservative action of the House of Lords, its oft repeated opposition to what would appear for the best interests of the country from a liberal point of view, its apparent jealousy of the House of Commons, have added to this feeling, which was expressed openly in the vote of a few days ago.

The abrogation of the House of Lords means the abrogation of monarchy. Since the present form of the English government was established the Commons has been the voice of the people, while the sovereign and the House of Lords have united in action whenever their dignity seemed trenched upon. Looking back through the vistas of English history and this fact becomes many times apparent, once in the days of CROMWELL reaching to a revolution which for the time did away with the Lords, and beheaded the king. This state of things did not, it is true, last long. The English people were not prepared for so radical a change. Their reverence for royalty was too great to allow it to be overcome for more than a passing season.

Nor are they ready now notwithstanding the increasing discontent with the present constitution of things. They do not want another revolution which would be the only method by which the House of Lords could be abrogated. The latter is distinct from the House of Commons, has different powers and duties, and by no means considers itself dependent upon the latter, nor would it accept peacefully any *fiat* emanating from that body which would have a tendency to sweep out its own existence. The time will come, however, that the people will demand the change, and when it arrives two branches of the Government as it now stands,—the sovereign and his advisory body—will be swept away together, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. How long before the day will arrive remains a problem.

THE real influence of the independent and mugwump papers of New York city may be measured by a comparison of the votes of 1880 and 1884. The New York *Times*, *Herald*, *Post*, *Nation*, and *Harper's Weekly* all supported GARFIELD in 1880 and CLEVELAND this year, yet the vote received by the latter is but very little greater than HANCOCK'S four years ago. The fact seems to be that these papers do not mould public opinion; they merely record the ideas of a faction, and seem to be without any political influence.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* is of the opinion that the Republican party is punished for conferring suffrage on the negroes by being defeated in the late Presidential contest. It says:

Never has a blacker chicken come home to roost, quicker or more surely, than has the thing of negro voting come home to the Republicans. The enfranchisement of the negroes has simply added 37 electoral votes to the Democratic half of the college. Had the negroes been enfranchised, Blaine would have been President in spite of the 36 Democratic electoral votes of New York.

JEFF. DAVIS will be 77 years old next June. He is too old to wake up such an antagonist as Gen. SHERMAN.

NASBY.

How the Faithful of the Corners are to be Provided For.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
Dec. 1, 1884.

The Corners is enraged at the report wich Joe Bigler cirkelatid announsin the determinashen uv President Cleveland to observe the absurd Civil Servis Rools and refoosin to remove Radikel Fedrel offisholders, ceptin fur coz, the effect uv wich wood be to keep the Nigger Lubbock in the Post Offis, and Joe Bigler and Pollock the Illinoy store keeper in the posishens uv Revenoo and Custom house Collectors, bliin the hopes uv the 237 patriots wich labored zelusly fur Cleveland and Reform, at the Corners.

The meetin wuz yoonanimous on one pint, and that wuz that wat offises ther is shood be immejitly turned over to the faithful and zelus Dimocrisy anyhow, to wich Deekin Pogram assented, but with a perviso.

"Ther is suthin more wich we hev a rite to demand," sed he, "and wich I shel demand in thunder tones. There is but three prinsiple offises, and perhaps twenty subordinet places under em at the Corners, wich must, or at least shood, go to the Dimocrisy, ez a reward fur ther onremittin labors in the coz uv Reform. We deserve them offises, for who swallered the pill uv Mariar Halpin, or who consented to assoshiashen with Beecher more gracefully than we?

"The offises that is," continnered the Deekin, "pervides for say twenty-three uv the 237 Dimekrats uv the Corners, the county and moonissipple offises for say 20 more, makin round numbers 50 that are fixed! Wat are yoo goin to do fur the remainin 187? How do yoo perpose to take keer uv them? Every Dimocrat in the Corners worked fur Cleveland and Reform, and every wun uv em is entitled to considerashun. Troo, they hev different degress uv ability, but then there are diffrent degrees uv offises. The struggle wuz for offises and ez ther wuz a yoonanimity in labrin fur the coz uv Reform, so, I notis, ther is a yoonanimity in gittin a reward fur it.

"Wat is to be done fur the 187? Only wun thing kin be done. Fifty offises ain't enuff to go around among 237. I kin solve the problem with wun hand tied behind me. We hev got to hev more offises! We hev got to hev 187 addishnel offises creatid, so that every Dimokrat kin hev one. Possibly it wood anser to hev say 135 offises creatid, fur it wood reqwire at least fifty gro series like Bascom's to supply that num ber uv Dimekrats in receet uv regler salaries—"

At this punt Bascom interruptid the venerable Deekin.

"I pertest," yelled Bascom "agin any proposishen to establish any more groceries at the Corners. I hev stood behind my bar for 24 long and weary yeers, extendin credit to a thirsty Dimocrisy, watin and hopin that the millenium uv a Dimocratic President mite come. It hez come at last, and now I am goin to reap wher I hev sowed. I want my just reward. I want the 187 addishnel offises creatid, but I also want the privilege uv supplyin them with likker, FUR CASH. I want the luxury uv settin out a bottle, afore I die, with the certainty uv havin cash pade fur likker, and not bein compelled to listen to the disgustin monotony uv "Jist mark it down!" I want all the places made thet is possible, but ez I hev bin sowin for 24 years, I want four years uv reap. Ez many offises ez yoo pleeze, gentlemen, but noo more groseries."

"I ain't pertikeler!" replied the Deekin, "I only made the sejestion to releeve the President."

Then I upspoke:

"My friends," I remarked, "we shel hev no trouble. We kin git noo places creatid, but ther are other things than places. Ther is a noo Custom House to build, and a combinashen will git the contrak, and ther will be an army uv labrers to be employed—"

Then ther arose sich a storm ez I never heerd. They shoutid in korus:—

'Labrers indeed! Wat do we want uv laber? We cood hev laberd ez well under a Republikin President ez under a Dimocratic. Wat we want is offis wich don't reqwire labor. We want more offises!"

Finelly it wuz desided to demand the creashun uv enuff offises to give every man uv em a place, and the meetin adjerned satisfied.

Ef Cleveland disappoints us I'm a gone case. I hev given my word that this shel be done, and done ez early in the spring ez possible. On the strength uv this promise Bascom hez extendid six months credit and the Corners is tollably contentid. We shel hev it all rite this winter anyhow, and the spring will take keer uv itself. I hev lived all my life on the basis uv hevin the fucher take keer uv itself, and I spose I will alluz hev to.

Wat I shel try to git will be a appropriashen for a noo Custom House and another fur slack-watrin Seceshin Crik. Ther will be, fur the Custom House the firm contracktin fur the work, a soopervisin arkitect, ten or a dozen sub-soopervisin arkitects, time-keepers, overseers, &c., and about the same forse for the Slack-water job. Ther will be enuff sooperior poshishens to yoose up the 237 regler white voters, and we shel import Italian labrers to do the work. I sejested that we shood employ the niggess uv the Corners fur the laber, but Bascom objectid. The niggers don't drink, ez a rool, and Bascom gits nothin out uv them. He very properly expex that all the salaries paid and the sum totle uv the two appropriashens will go thro his hands.

Ef we kin git these appropriashens passed this winter we shel be all rite. Otherwise I shel be in a tite place, for in antissipashen uv the comin millenium all work hez bin suspendid.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Postmaster wich is to be.)

SEND US NAMES.

Send us the names of your friends to whom we may send specimen copies. No matter where they are—East, West, North or South, send them in. The BLADE is the only paper that can claim a purely National circulation. It goes to every State and Territory in the Union, and to almost every Postoffice. It is as popular in Maine as it is in Texas, and is read with as much avidity in New York as in Washington Territory. We want all the names we can get.

IT is the opinion of the leading lawyers of the East that the late naturalization of WAH LEE, a Chinaman, by the probate judge of Cleveland, is illegal. They agree that the "declaration of intention" has no binding force on either the person o whom the "first papers" are issued, nor on the government. The intending citizen may change his mind and elect never to become a citizen, and the offer of citizenship on the part of the United States may, like any other offer, be withdrawn before its acceptance. The law of the United States of May 6, 1882, does withdraw the offer of citizenship to the Chinese most emphatically, and is a complete nullification of any virtue that WAH LEE'S first papers might have otherwise possessed, for it says: "Hereafter no state court or court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship, and any act to the contrary is hereby repealed."

RENEW your subscription to the BLADE immediately. We have a great many topics to treat of this winter which interest all the people.

IF the Southern Bourbons are determined that this shall be "a white man's government," how would they like to have Mr. EVARTS'S suggestion enforced? It is, "Let the representation in Congress, then, be on the basis of the number of white citizens only."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Texas has now 6,617,524 cattle, according to assessors' returns, valued at over $81,000,000. The increase in number this year has been over 500,000, worth $9,500,000.——Mrs. John Mullibeen, a wealthy Boston lady, paid an election bet Tuesday by pitching a tent on the Tremont side of Boston Common and selling peanuts. She sold 42¾ bushels, netting about $150. She wagered $20 against $300 that Gov. Cleveland would have 10,000 plurality in New York state.——Cleveland will resign his office as governor of New York on January 6.——The reason assigned by Dr. John Maxwell, of Springfield, O., for attempting to commit suicide and for poisoning his four young children is that he "preferred death and a happy home with the children in heaven to the misery of this earth and a struggle with want." Three of the children died.——The federal grand jury at Omaha has indicted fifteen persons for fraud in connection with the sale of Otoe Indian reservation lands, by which the red men were defrauded to the amount of $20,000.——A hundred thousand persons left Paris during the continuance of the cholera epidemic. Great numbers of people are now returning.——A Vienna correspondent of the London *Standard* says United States Minister Lowell writes to friends there that he intends to return to America whether his resignation is accepted by Cleveland or not. He will not return for political reasons, but in order to resume literary work.——The Mexican commissioners to the world's exposition, accompanied by the band of the 8th Mexican cavalry, arrived at New Orleans Friday, and were welcomed by a salute from the Washington artillery.——General Agent Kimball, of the Red Cross association, has been sent to the mountains of Virginia to investigate the mysterious disease there prevailing, and to afford aid to sufferers.——The total number of coast disasters that received the attention of the life-saving service of the United States was 439, involving a property valuation of $10,607,940, of which $9,161,354 was saved.——The school population of the United States is 16,000,000. Of this 10,000,000 is enrolled in the public schools. The public school system of the country spends more than $91,000,000 a year, and employs 290,000 teachers.——The *Railroad Gazette* reports the construction of 113 miles of new road, making a total of 3,350 miles thus far this year, against 5,600 miles at the corresponding date in 1883.——The mills at Minneapolis, Minn., are grinding nearly 24,000 barrels of flour each day.——The Welland Canal closed on the 30th inst. for the season.——The schools at Nashua, N. H., have closed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.——Recent soundings over the bed of the Atlantic ocean prove the existence of a sunken ridge often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of 3,500 fathoms. The elevation of the oc

Correspondence.

LONDON LETTER.

A Strange Kind of Dual Existence—Odds and Ends of London Gossip.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LONDON, Nov. 13, 1884.

If ever the term "an ocean of people" could be applied to a public gathering last Monday was the day and the Lord Mayor's show was the occasion. It seemed as though all London had flocked to the streets through which the procession was to pass. They were literally packed in, everywhere; all traffic was stopped for hours, and business of course was entirely given up. At several places the crush was so great that many people were seriously, and a few fatally, injured. But it was the Lord Mayor's Day and things of that kind were to be expected as a matter of course. The procession was rather disappointing. They usually are, but this year so much had been said and written about the show, that people had come to expect an entertainment out of the ordinary run, and of exceptional interest.

The procession started from Guildhall at noon and by fits and starts, with many halts and waits, wound its way through the city streets, over and under Holborn viaduct into Fleet street, thence to Charing Cross, to Hatherhall Place and the Thames embankment.

There was a very general display of flags and bunting along the route, though at the General postoffice, the flags were at half-mast and the window blinds drawn in respect to the memory of the late Postmaster General Fawcett, and under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, each of the bands in the procession played the Dead March as it passed the building.

The chief feature of the show was the representation of the kings and queens of England who have conferred benefits upon the corporation. Preceding William the conqueror, were a band of mailed Norman Knights, *cap-a-pie*, bearing a banner inscribed, "The City's First Charter, A. D. 1067." Upon a car drawn by four horses was a facsimile of the charter itself, guarded by citizens with drawn swords. Richard Cœur de Lion and a gallant company of Crusaders succeeded. The armor of these historical representatives was faithfully copied, and the result was a very picturesque and instructive spectacle. The Dick Whittington episode was represented on a pretty car drawn by ten tiny circus ponies, with the hero himself sitting on a stile, near a brook was the cat sitting on a mat. A capital reproduction of the belfry of Old Bow Church, date 1400, with ringers, and banner inscribed "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." Sir Richard, a full-blown knight, rode in the rear with knights, retainers and banners. Young Edward VI. was a charming young monarch, and to him succeeded Sir T. Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other knights. There was a banner showing "Queen Elizabeth on Charger as at Tilbury Fort, 1588," and another commemorating the sending by the citizens of London of 40 ships and 10,000 men to repel the Spanish Armada. Then came good Queen Bess herself, a lady in orthodox red hair, and marvelously resembling Sara Bernhardt. She was mounted on a cream-colored charger, and seemed much amused at the crowd, and her own connection with it. At length came the elephants, three mature specimens and a juvenile, and seven camels and dromedaries. The latter were ridden by men in costume representing the English camel corps in Egypt. These did not seem to be wholly comfortable, though the ships of the desert strode forward as if they had been used to Fleet street from their birth. Two of the elephants were ridden by "Rajahs in howdahs." Next came a Nile boat on wheels, with soldiers sitting under an awning, behind a protective wall of provision boxes. Finally, and with the customary rearguard, the state carriages of the sheriffs, the state trumpeters of the Household cavalry, the late Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and her maids of honor, the band of the Household cavalry, city trumpeters, and the Right-Hon. the Lord Mayor, escorted by the Sixteenth (King's) Hussars.

In the evening there was the customary banquet at the Mansion House, attended by no end of prominent people, who made no end of speeches. Gladstone was conspicuous by his presence.

WELCOMING ROYALTY.

It is understood that the Queen has desired the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to return home from India by the direct route, in order that they may reach England about the third week in April, during Her Majesty's spring visit to Osborne, where it is proposed to receive them with considerable *eclat*. It is intended to send one of the royal yachts to Malta to meet the Duke and Duchess. The "Osborne" will probably be selected for the service, as it is not arranged for in her the decorative work on the Victoria and Albert until the spring. The Osborne went into harbor at Portsmouth last week, but she is to go out for a six hours' run to try her machinery before being laid up for the winter.

A DUAL LIFE.

Society in a beautiful village in the south of England, noted for its exclusiveness, has been all torn up by the discovery of the intimate practiced upon them by the wife of a well known colonel and the daughter of a baronet, a remarkably beautiful woman. The colonel and his handsome wife lived in good style and visited all the best families in the neighborhood. The colonel is about 45 and his wife is about 25. It is given out that the lady has a considerable income of her own, and it is well known that the colonel's means would not be sufficient to keep up the style in which they live. For two or three months during the height of the season the lady disappears, and it is given out that she has gone on a visit to friends in the North, or is traveling on the Continent. As a matter of fact, she is in London, one of the most sought after and successful of the demi-monde. She takes a house in Pimlico, and at her splendid establishment there entraps all the misguided young fools with more money than brains whom she can get hold of. Sometimes Mrs. N——(as she calls herself when in London) falls in with a richer or more infatuated prize than usual, and goes abroad with him for a time. There are scores of young fools this designing woman has ruined during the past five years. It is no uncommon thing for her to return to the colonel and rural delights with £5,000 as the solid results of a two or three months' campaign in the metropolis. The colonel is perfectly aware of the methods by which the money is obtained, and the pair live very comfortably during nine months of the year upon the earnings of the wife for the other three. The woman leads a strange kind of dual existence. When in London she is one of the queens of the demi-monde; while in her village her mode of life is eminently respectable. She patronizes all the local institutions, subscribes to the local charities, attends church regularly, and is the vicar's right hand in all district visiting, soup distributing, sewing meetings and other parochial work. She is now in London, and will probably stay there until her indignant neighbors make it so warm for her that she will have to fly to the continent.

An astounding novelty that will shortly draw all London will be the snake-charming scene in "The Grand Mogul" at the Comedy theatre. Miss Florence St. John, who plays the role of the lovely charmer, has conquered a natural aversion to some five well-developed cobras, and now ties them in knots about her neck, and lets them kiss her without a shudder. Moreover, the serpents have made themselves so agreeable that they are regarded with affection in the theatre, and rehearse with the rest of the company in a most satisfactory manner.

The latest "West-end Stock Exchange" has been established under the auspices of a lady. We shall, no doubt, soon have "lady brokers" doing business in the "house" and in the "street."

The authorities are seriously considering the adoption of a patent, intended to protect good coin from wear. It consists of a ring of steel or hard metal, which is put on the coin hot, and then contracts round it whilst cooling. If the calculation be correct, that the current life of coin would be doubled by the adoption of this device, it is evident that it ought to be tried, for, at present, the annual loss on English gold coinage by detrition is about £50,000.

PAUL CHAPUIS.

As to the Northern Pacific Land Grant.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 30, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In an answer to a correspondent in the BLADE of this week you state that the Northern Pacific Railroad received a grant of 40 sections per mile, in the Territories, from the Government.

The fact of the matter is, that the railroad entered contest with the Government subsequent to the grant, for 10 additional miles, and won their case. Their land now extends back from the road on either side for a distance of 25 miles, every other section still belonging to the Government.

I have been a resident of Dakota all Summer, and am sure that my statement is correct.

I will also state that the Northern Pacific Railroad has the reputation throughout the country in which it passes, of being as good a steel grinding monopoly as is in existence.

Yours truly, O. L. D.

A CHINESE FESTIVAL.

The New Joss House—Making it Lively for the Spirits of the Departed on Their Triennial Return.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Nov. 2, 1884.

There is in the code of the Chinese religion an article to the effect that every three years the spirits of the dead come trooping back to visit the earth where they once had a local habitation and a name. In order to entertain the spirits well, and thus make them good natured and willing to return to the lands of shades, the Chinese hold a triennial festival of two or three days' length, and perform every kind of ceremony of which either ghost or human could conceive.

It was my good fortune to arrive in the city while this rare festival was in progress. It was the first time they had been so troubled by ghosts in Los Angeles as to be obliged to provide entertainment for them. This festival has been observed heretofore in San Francisco, but not in Los Angeles.

They provided an entirely new joss house for the ceremonies, one which had never been used for any other purpose, and which was therefore undefiled. This was built, of course, in the Chinese quarter, which consists of stores and opium dens, and occupies part of one street, and two or three alleys. The temple was divided into two main compartments, with a little vestibule on one side for the high priest, and some little dens which appeared to be for the occupation of opium smokers. I suppose it is a relief to them, after so much ghostly company, to take a comfortable smoke.

All the gods were removed from their accustomed shrines and set up in the new joss house, and besides, several new ones were provided for the occasion. The name of these gods is legion. I do not believe that a commonly pious Chinaman is acquainted with a tenth of the number of his gods. Just outside the entrance to the temple a comfortable sort of booth was standing in which was seated His Satanic Majesty, surrounded by infernal gods of a lower order. A dish of incense was burning at the feet of these malicious deities, and evidently everything was being done to propitiate them, and turn their evil designs from men. Vain effort!

All this evil crowd were pleasant expressions, and Satan himself looked particularly jovial; the corners of his mouth were turned up, as if in amusement at the folly of men. The largest of these gods was a figure four feet high, the others about two feet in height; some of them had chains on their arms, to indicate that they had been thieving gods. The Chinese assure you that you can deposit money with them with perfect safety, since they are chained: "Leavee money, he no takee."

This might be a good plan to adopt with our bank cashiers. On each side of the temple door is a gorgeous joss about nine feet high. These two are the largest gods in the city, and represent to the Chinaman here all beneficence, all omnipotence. They were gorgeously apparelled in silk with tinsel and paper decorations. They, like the bad gods, have an expression of unceasing hilarity. This seems to be the characteristic of all their gods. When you enter the temple, you are required to give up all packages, which you happen to have in your hands, as it is insulting to carry anything into the presence of spirits.

You are at first dazed by the profusion of ornamentation. Although the inside of the building is so rough, and unfinished, the walls were so covered with gay banners and gilded toys that this fact was not apparent at a cursory glance. Under the glare of the gas light the scene was surely one of barbaric splendor. The building was packed full of both Chinese and Americans, so that it was not possible to examine things carefully and in detail; another drawback was the fact that the Chinese cannot answer questions intelligibly, in English. Whatever knowledge we gained of the meaning of the symbols, and ceremonies was from inference.

In the comsartment of the temple which we entered from the outside, there were no ceremonies performed. There was the white horse death, all saddled and bridled, ready to gallop off with some unlucky wight. This was a wooden image about the size of a pony, and covered with white wool. The walls of both compartments were covered with silk banners in all sizes, heavily embroidered with gold thread, and all kinds of gods were suspended from the ceiling. The inner compartment contained the more precious articles. Here tables were set out with variously-colored confections for the delectation of the spirits. It was enough to give them dyspepsia for a month. Incense was burning in brass and silver censers, and filled the air with heavy perfume. There were all kinds of curious mechanical toys, glass cases full of bright-colored images, which continually danced up and down and turned somersaults. Great paper fishes floated in the air, and numberless gods grinned from every corner. The ceremonies were performed on a raised platform at one end of the room. These were unvarying day and night, and after a few moments performance, became monotonous. The orchestral instruments consisted of a one-stringed violin, a clarionet, and a gong. They played up and down all day on one key. This music (?) was for the purpose of scaring away the evil spirits.

If ghosts have an ear for melody, it must have proved effectual. The priests knelt in prayer continually, while several boys robed in pale blue satin, with black and red caps on their heads, went through a series of bowing, and marching round the platform.

There is certainly no other race like the Chinese for patiently grinding away at the same monotonous round. They go through with, and call that amusement, which an American could not endure half an hour without being utterly sick of its wearisome repetitions.

This festival of ghosts ended October 26, with a grand procession. This procession was a jubilation over the fact that they had succeeded in scaring off the rantankerous spirits, and inducing the ghosts of their good old grandfathers and great grandfathers to retire to the shades in all good humor and fellowship. The Chinese believe in welcoming the coming, and speeding the parting guest.

The procession was about a quarter of a mile in length. It was headed by one of the city bands, followed by a single line of Chinamen carrying brass-headed spears.

Here and there in the line was a wagon-load of musicians beating their gongs, or a carriage full of Chinese dignitaries. All their gorgeous banners were carried in the line, and many of the gods. The men had on gay robes, and some of them were grotesque masks. They all seemed to be in the maddest of gay spirits. And they had reason to feel rather relieved in mind at the departure of their sepulchral guests. It was like the carnival at Rome on a small scale. This novel procession marched slowly through the principal streets of the city, which were of course crowded with wondering lookers-on. It was a curious spectacle to see this heathen pageant in a business-like Western town like Los Angeles. It showed how little the "heathen Chinese" is turned from his oriental beliefs and customs by living in the midst of our advanced Western civilization.

QUIZ.

Bourbonism in Kentucky.

MORGANTOWN, Ky., Nov. 18, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I write what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears at a Democratic jubilee away down here in Dixie. As twilight gathered last night almost every Democrat in the county swooped down upon this usually little quiet village with the old familiar yell of twenty years ago, such as we heard from the hordes that followed Morgan and Bennett. They used language that was revolting to decency, loudly yelling for Jeff Davis; cursing the names of the immortal Lincoln and Garfield; claiming that what they had lost at the point of the bayonet, they had won at the ballot box. At last, in the wickedness of their hearts, they loudly demanded that the stars and stripes, the Blaine flag, that had been raised on a Republican's premises be hauled down. They were mildly told to "take it down." They didn't do it. The men who thus menaced and threatened did not come from the slums of the Democratic party. They were the elite of that organization. Liberty in the South has been for the last 20 years a farce, but its very foot-prints are now erased from southern soil. The devil of oppression, the infamy of infamies, has been trampled loose upon us, and the dollar taken off his neck. Let the manly Independents of the north come south and feel what we have felt and bear what we have borne; and I dare say they will return to their homes wiser and better Republicans.

A. BOOKER OS.

Mississippi Bulldozing.

ENTERPRISE, CLARKE CO., MISS., Nov. 23, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The Democratic victory was won unjustly, for they would not let the colored people vote at Enterprise, Quitman, Shuqualata, De Soto, Paulding, and many other places in the South. They published on sign boards, "Cleveland and Hendricks, or stay at home." They had the polls guarded with guns, pistols and rifles. It was done by defrauding and not by fair means.

REPUBLICAN.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 189 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

PIONEER DAYS ON THE MAUMEE

Recollections of the Methodist Itinerants and the Trowbridge Settlement.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Being one of a number that recently met together to welcome the new pastor of one of our city Methodist churches, and finding him to be a son of one of the pioneer preachers in this Maumee valley, my thoughts naturally reverted to the time when I used to hear his father preach. The settlement of the "Six Mile Woods," now Fulton County, was precisely coeval with the first settlement of the city of Toledo, and at that time the Maumee valley had a wide reputation for being sickly, and it was hardly possible to exaggerate the truth in reference to that fact.

About the year 1836, there was a Macedonian cry heard from the Trowbridge settlement, where four farmers of that name, all brothers, all having families and all Methodists, asked the conference to send them a preacher, and the question was put, "Who will volunteer to go to the Maumee valley to preach?" Brother Pope said, "If other people can live there, I can, and I am willing to go," and he was accordingly sent. He found there many warm-hearted Christians, a friendship was established between pastor and people, that increased as time rolled on, and at the end of the year they desired his return. He gave a good report to the conference, presented their petition, and expressed himself as perfectly willing return to the same field of labor. He went back for several years in succession with the same satisfactory results to all parties, that had made his relation to the conference was typified by the farmers well matched team. One horse was willing to do all the work, and the other was willing it should. Brother Pope was willing to preach in that new and sickly country, and his brethren were willing that he should.

The roads at that time were well described by the man who began his journey on a wagon road, that soon became a cow-path, then a squirrel track, and finally ran up a tree. A state road had been surveyed, which ran through the Trowbridge settlement, and where the clearings were on both sides of it their fences made a lane that looked like a wagon road, but there was no other such lane between the river and said settlement. The wagon track was often a mile from the direct route, and in going west from any traveler often found the roads branching right or left, and he had no means of knowing whether they had turned out to escape bad places, or whether the branch led to some other settlement. I was once driving a cow, and came to such a divergence, and took the road not used, and it terminated abruptly in a prairie, newly mown. The road had been the exit for the hay. There was no trouble in finding the road east, for all roads led to the river. The state road, at Bad creek, was in the category with the man who stood right where the Quaker wanted to shoot. It was right where they wanted a mill-pond and they gave the pond the right of way and turned the road out. The road bowed in submission, meekly turned to the left, and crossed the creek below the mill, and then returned to its legitimate place.

Continued rains had seriously affected the roads, and made Bad creek utterly impassable for teams. A quarterly meeting had been appointed at the Trowbridge settlement, and a new elder was to be there who had never seen the country. I wondered how the people would get to meeting. The dam made a bridge for people on foot, except at the waste gate and flume; these I bridged myself, putting a hand rail on each side, so that ladies and children could cross —for there were ladies then, living there, who would have graced the Presidential mansion, and children born there about that time, who to-day are the peers of the best men and women of America. I had just finished the bridge, when there rode up two men on horseback, who viewed the wide expanse of water above the mill, and the raging torrent below it with surprise and alarm. When they learned that there was neither bridge or ferry within ten miles, they asked me if it was possible to get their horses across. I said, "I crossed it yesterday with a horse." They inquired "How?" I said I used the horse as a raft, the bridle as a rudder, and the instinct of the horse as a motive power, and thus I navigated the turbid stream successfully and reached the other shore in safety, and I would do so with their horses if they wished. They gladly availed themselves of my offer, and I soon had the horses on the other side, to the great delight of their riders. They asked me what I charged. I said, "I presume you are ministers going to the meeting?" They said, "We are." I said, I am a stockholder in that company, and I think your presence there will suffice its value enough to pay me, and I will be there and take my dividend." So, with many thanks, they mounted their horses and went on their way, singing:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

The meeting was held, and the financial part was not forgotten, and one brother remarked that his experience in collecting "quarterage" made him think of what a wealthy farmer said on a similar occasion in Medina county, Ohio. He said: "I have visited all the members that it would cost any good to visit, and all I get was 63 cents; and don't you believe that I and my son-in-law pail 38 cents of that."

An Election Incident in Virginia.

FT. MITCHELL, LUNENBURG CO., VA., November 18, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I saw in last week's BLADE an account of how the election went in Halifax and Charlotte. It is true they have 800 majority in Holgate and 600 in Charlotte, but the way that the Democrats got their majority in these two counties was by the negroes selling out. As far as I can learn they got from 50 cents to $2 50 for their votes. I was U. S. supervisor at our precinct, and everything was quiet and orderly. I will give you one instance, so you can see how much you can depend on the average negro when there is any money or whisky to be had. There is a Northern man who owns a large plantation in our precinct, and his superintendent brought about fifteen or 20 of his men to the polls. They came up shouting for Blaine and Logan, and at least half of them voted for Cleveland. We would have carried the state by so heavy a majority that the Democrats would not have dared to doctor the returns if the negroes had not sold out.

VIRGINIA.

A Copperhead Celebration.

GOLCONDA, ILL., Nov. 23, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The description by Nasby of the Democratic jollification at the Cross Roads almost exactly fills the bill for that of the Democrats here. It was only through fear of the righteous indignation of many old soldiers living here that an old mossback was prevented from raising the stars and bars over house. During the night of the jollification, cheers for "Jeff Davis and the revived Southern Confederacy were freely given by the overjoyed Bourbons, one of whom (who had imbibed too much Kentucky whisky) let the cat out of the bag in this wise. Said he: "These fellows who are running this thing told us not to holler for ole Jeff—God bless him—while the black Republicans are around; but we told em to go to h—l. We know what this means, and we holler as we votes."

In a wagon, draped with red and white—no blue—were a number of young ladies, representing the Solid South each carrying a banner inscribed with the name of a Southern state. Among the transparencies were: "Bully for Beecher," and "We Wouldn't Swap Josh Allen for Jack Logan." Allen was a law partner of Logan before the war, and a noted Copperhead congressman during the war. Other of the transparencies bore such indecent expressions that it would be the grossest vulgarity to commit them to writing.

The Southern Confederacy is indeed "in the saddle," and it is but natural for them to take all the means in their power to show their contempt for the Union and the fruits of the war.

UNION.

Cheers for Jeff Davis, Booth and Guiteau.

UNIONTOWN, W. VA., Nov. 24, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see that the Democrats of Parkersburg and Huntington, W. Va., made great demonstrations over the election of Cleveland. If you describe their actions correctly they are mild and tame compared with the conduct of the party here. They parade the roads of nights in gangs of 40 to 50, yelling for Jeff Davis, Booth and Guiteau, cursing Republicans and insulting them at every opportunity, and swear all sorts of vengeance.

BLOCK.

"Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Welcome Rains.

Recent rains have so replenished the city reservoirs of Petersburg, Va., that for the first time in over two months water was turned on throughout the entire city Monday.

Prohibition as it Now Stands.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 28.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The noble and beneficent stand of the BLADE in its uncompromising position on temperance and prohibition, is a lead in the right for the secular journalism that is meeting with a "God-speed" from a discerning public; and time only can reveal the harvest for good from the seed scattered over our land through its columns. Unlike journals extremely devoted to the cause, whose circulation is limited to those engaged in it, the BLADE carries its messages into hundreds of thousands of homes, the the workshops, the counting room and the fireside, educating to duty, and awakening an interest that will bring out the latent co operation needed for effective and permanent work.

Now that the smoke of the political battle is passing away, and reason and judgment are replacing the acrimony of partisan strife, may we not, in a bird's eye view of the situation, cast about for the causes that obstruct the true course of prohibition, and seek to avoid the shoals, which decoy from, while they endanger its progress? We, in Wisconsin, have been honored with the teachings of "Father Russell," of Michigan, the first, and of ex-Gov. St. John, the last of the Presidential nominees of the National Prohibition party; and for the sake of the public good, we congratulate the true friends of the cause on the limited number of such advocates.

The first speaker, St. John, very frankly announced his intention to do all the injury he was capable of, especially to the party that had made and subsequently disowned him, and had he added, "to the full extent of malicious slander," his audience would have had no occasion to question his fidelity to the position. Nothing was spared from his invective. Whoever was identified with the party, with whatever views or policy; from the venerable head of Gen. Neal Dow to the humblest actor in the ranks, he classed as willing abettors in hypocrisy and fraud, and with sacreligious appeals invoked vengeance upon them. Even the keen-sighted secretary of the State Agricultural society, through whose invitation he spoke, and who inwardly chuckled at the effect, felt called upon to disclaim any responsibility for his invective.

His prototype, the Rev. Father, with all the solemnity of his calling, disclaiming all personal allusions, proposed to treat the questions with a brotherly forbearance, and after some tender allusions to the evils of intemperance and the moral and legal means to overthrow them, belched out against those who professed an interest in the work and consorted with sinners, against the orthodox creed of his party. Condemning with insinuations and inferences, he wielded the sword of a Peter, prodding and taunting his hearers like a tantalizing warrior, daring and defying replies to his assaults; and with egotistical intolerance, proving by their respectful silence that they stood self-condemned in the presence of the intelligence, honesty and virtue aggregated to his party, and conspicuously absent from those who dissented from his petty logic.

Thus emulating a Samson in his raid upon the Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, these worthies lavished their abuse upon friend and foe, and evinced the character of the weapons they wagged by denouncing the judgment and moral worth of the great body of temperance workers who would not be driven by invectives to their rule or ruin policy.

They have succeed by their heresies in detaching from the line of duty a sufficient amount of support to hand over some of the foremost states in prohibition work to the control of its enemies, and a new and more valiant work must be undertaken to redeem Ohio, Kansas and Iowa, from the serpentine coils with which their dissentions have encircled them. To attempt to leap at a single bound, from the moral and legal restraints which our many temperance organizations have effected through years of labor and devotion, to a millennium of national revolution; with all the powers of wealth, vice and unrestrained animosity combating them at every step; seems like madness born of fanaticism, not only reflecting on their judgment but suggestive of a want of consistency, and of fidelity to the cause they claim to champion.

Our own state, Wisconsin, for example, with her many workers, may serve to represent the acquisitions to their theories made by such belligerency. Their candidate for governor, "Brother Hastings," whose fidelity as a state official for many consecutive years has attached to him life long friends, and whose wide-spread reputation as a devotee assures us of a zeal, even overreaching discretion. With strenuous efforts in his behalf, they succeeded in polling in round numbers 8,500 out of nearly 315,000 votes, or less than three and three-fourths in a hundred; not one-tenth of our temperance army, and St. John comes lagging behind nearly 1,000. That a large portion of these have been deluded by their persistent perversion of truth and fact, must be

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly and, possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

VII.

I have given you this rapid sketch of the industrial condition of women of other countries, in order that you may know—hard as you who have your livelihood to gain by the labor of brain and hands may think your lot, discouraged as you may be when you look out into the golden sunshine and see others no better in flesh, blood and intellect than you, revelling in its glories as you cannot—that it is infinitely better in many respects than that of the vast majority of workers in Europe. I might describe to you with appalling minuteness the misery to which I have barely alluded, of those poor creatures who slave in the mines, in darkness and gloom, with little children by their side working with their wee hands, stunted by this unnatural life; of young girls who, in what should be the glory of early womanhood, are old and vicious through the influence of their surroundings. I might tell you more of the hundreds and thousands of your sex who work there in factories hardly gaining enough from day to day to keep soul and body together, but garnering up painful experiences enough to make them feel as if they were living in a cell out of which there is no possible escape this side of eternity. God knows there is misery enough among working women this side of the water, but it is but a shadow of that existing in many places there.

Of course I am now speaking of those employed in manual labor. In the arts and professions the difference is not so great, and yet the thought for women here in those directions is fuller, freer, broader, and what is better, holds a brighter promise for the future. The tendency in the United States, the influence of her institutions, is toward greater liberty and more perfect equality for all classes, and women must feel this more and more in their work and wages. Not that the way to comfort and competence is to be made smooth and easy for each and everyone. That would be impossible so long as there are such wide differences in capacity—a difference that exists also among men who have been trained to work against competition and who do not expect to escape without it, if they are to live lives worth the living. Yet with the wider field of labor, with the deepened conviction of the necessity of making ready to do what is attempted well, with the greater readiness to make the wages depend upon quality and quantity rather than upon sex, working women here may well feel that greater possibilities lie at their hand than ever before in the history of the world.

One thing more I want to talk to you about before I finish generalizing. I have begged mothers in all stations of life, even those whose sky of prosperity is not flecked with a single fleecy cloud, whose children come into the world in a home radiant with all the beauty that money can with lavish hand bestow, into whose lives singing birds seem, ever trilling joyous promises for the future, as well as those who look forward to the probable necessity for self-dependence upon the part of their girls, to train them thoroughly in some one thing, so that what they do shall be a skilled product which will readily find a market. One duty will then be accomplished which will cause many a self respecting, independent woman to bless her mother night and morning so long as she lives.

Supplement this with another plea or rather let them go along side by side. Let every woman inculcate in the hearts and brains of her children an honest belief in the dignity of labor. Teach your girls that there are many worse things than the necessity which will compel them to earn their own living. Show them that a busy life is almost sure to be a contented one, and that the very fact of self-dependence strengthens the character and makes it truer and more womanly than the selfish idle leaning upon some one, who should not be called upon to bear the burden.

The necessity for labor, for self-exertion in order to live, is often a real angel in disguise. Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts this truth into song:

Necessity, whom long I deemed my foe,
Thou cold, unfeeling and hard-visaged dame,
Now I no longer see thy face, I know
Those wert my friend, beyond reproach or blame.

My best achievements, and the fairest flights
Of my wing-tipped fancy, were inspired by thee;
Thy stern voice spurred me to the mountain heights,
Thy importunings bade me do and be.

But for thy breath, the spark of living fire
Within me might have smoldered out at length,
But for thy lash, which would not let me tire,
I never would have measured my own strength.

But for thine ofttimes merciless control
Upon my life that nerved me past despair,
I never should have struck the deep in my soul
And found the mine of treasures hidden there.

And though we walk divided pathways now,
And I no more may see thee, to the end,
I wear in this little chaplet for thy brow
Thine other hearts may know, and hail thee friend.

And so many another would hail as a friend the necessity that forced her to show her power to do and be, if only she can be made to feel that her world respects her labor and counts her more worthy for its doing. It is this idea among girls that they shall lose caste in the social world that makes them hesitating and doubtful, and frequently drives them into a loveless marriage to be supported. Taught from the cradle that all work is honorable, and that she is fortunate who can do anything so well as to give it a good market price, and a life of self dependence will not look so unutterably dreary and to be avoided at any cost.

"Ah, yes," some of you are saying, "it sounds well in poetry to call necessity a friend, but what of that poor woman who is wearing her life away by work far too great for her strength, and from which there is no respite?"

I expected to hear this. Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that there are any number of women who are wearing their lives away in just such toil in the homes of the husbands who "are taking care of them?" Can you not think of more than one in your circle of acquaintances who never can feel that their work is done, who are abused—if not bodily, in the spirit by harsh, unloving looks and words—when it is not accomplished? Would you think of giving this as a reason why marriage should never be looked upon as a blessing? Certainly not. So long as the world stands, and human nature is imperfect, so long as the varying tides of human action bring constant changes to individuals as well as to classes, so long as the strong and prosperous control the poor and weak, so long will there be want and misery, over work and never ending toil. That fact does not do away with the other, that in the labor which one is conscious of doing well, that is congenial to the taste and therefore inspiriting rather than exhausting when pursued in a healthy manner, there is more pleasure than pain, and the necessity which leads to it, is indeed a friend. Moments will come—into what life do they not—when everything palls, when the routine of daily occupation becomes insufferably wearisome, when it would seem bliss not to rise up and lie down by rule, but that feeling passes away with the trifling physical cause that probably gave it birth, and the earnest worker goes on her way content and happy.

I repeat emphatically then that if women want to make life for their sister women easier, let them teach their daughters to respect labor. Let them be pointed to every instance in which it is made dignified by its straightforward, honest doing in the hands of a woman. Let them be shown how often a necessity which, at first, looked so gloomy and forbidding, developed a grand character out of a commonplace girl. Exercise the first appearance of the shoddy contempt for the worker for wages, which incapacitates them for self-exertion, and helps to make others unhappy. Giving them the right training in this direction, and they will give things their true value, knowing how to use "the goods the gods" may provide for them right royally, or be ready to take hold of the work which has been given into their hands by necessity to do, and accomplish it without faltering or possibility of failure.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Slipper Pockets.—These can be made very simply of cretonne or linen or both combined, or of much more expensive materials if designed as a present to either gentleman or lady.

Cut a piece of linen 16 ins. wide and 13 ins. deep. Across the top put a band of gay colored cretonne, after having sloped the two sides until the bottom only measures 13 ins. Line this with buckram. Cut another piece of linen 12 ins. deep and 20 ins. wide. Fold this in the middle to make a straight line and then in the center of each piece applique a gay cretonne flower or figure on. Gather it across the bottom and sew to the bottom of the other piece. Turn the edges of the sides in and either sew to the back piece, putting a cord over the seam and across the bottom to cover the seam, or fasten it down with small brass headed nails, forcing them through and turning them with pincers down upon the buckram. Put a row down the center to divide the case into two compartments. If the nails are used for the side, the top part must be cut deep enough to allow a ruffle of linen with a narrow cretonne edge across the bottom, and the nails must fasten it down. The back must be lined with silesia and then fastened to a banner rod by which it can be hung.

If wanted of handsomer materials, make the back of plush, and the case of satin with plush border at top and bottom, and then fasten with gilt nails as before, and gilt banner rod. The front can be embroidered or not, as liked.

This can be varied for a gentleman by making it with one bag for the slippers, put on in the middle of the back as described, and then two embroidered bands, one each side, for brush broom and hand brush to slide through.

Table Scarf.—A very pretty and inexpensive one can be made as follows: Get a yard and a quarter of crimson fashion drapery. It can be bought of splendid quality for 25 cents a yard. Cut it the width wanted. Across each end put furniture fringe. Cut from cretonne gay figures and applique them irregularly over the scarf. The effect is unique and very pretty.

Barrel Chair.—This description is repeated briefly, by request. Saw out an empty flour barrel from the top down to the center on two sides and across, leaving just enough of the staves full length for a back. It must be rounded down each side in shape of arms. You can mark it first with a lead pencil. Cover a hoop that will just fit inside the large part to which you sawed, with strong sacking, and nail it firmly in place. Tack two or three thicknesses of an old bed-quilt around inside of back to make it softer. Then you are ready for the cretonne covering. This must be cut to fit inside and outside, and the seam around the edges where the two come together bound with scarlet braid. Make a soft cushion, just to fit in, cover with cretonne, binding seams around with scarlet braid, slip the cover to the barrel part on, tack it firmly around the bottom edge and to the edge of the seat, letting it run over the inside a little, and you have a comfortable easy chair at small expense.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, s c, chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Knitted Slippers.—Materials—Two skeins Germantown yarn, one of seal brown and the other of cardinal. Soles of leather, lined with cotton flannel and bound with worsted braid, retailed at 25 cents a pair. Cast on 20 stitches of the brown, k across twice plain. Then first needle (or first time, only two needles required) k 3 stitches, put in cardinal, k 2 of cardinal, s 2 of brown by putting in your needle as though to seam, and putting them on the right hand needle, carrying along on back side the thread of cardinal, k 2 cardinal, s 2 brown, k 2 cardinal, s 2 brown, k 2 cardinal, leave 3 brown at the end for the end stitches, and turn the work. Second time.—Leaving the 3 brown on the right hand needle for the edge, s the first cardinal, seam the next, s 2 brown, seam 2 cardinal, and so continue to alternate, leaving the 3 edge stitches on the needle and turn the work. 3d row—k the cardinal stitches, s the brown, leaving edge, and turn; 4th row—k first cardinal seam next, s brown, and so continue as in second row; 5th row—k all stitches and take up and make one stitch just before coming to the three edge stitches, then k them; 6th, 7th and 8th rows—exactly like the fifth; 9th row—k three edge stitches, k cardinal stitches, s the brown, leaving edge and turn; 10th row—same as second row; 11th row—same as third row; 12th row —same as fourth row; 13th row—same as fifth row; repeat the sixth, seventh and eighth rows. After twelve cardinal ridges are done, k across on right side of the brown, then bind off on wrong side all but nineteen stitches, k those plain, again k the nineteen plain, and again also. These nineteen stitches form the quarter or side of the shoe, leave three edge stitches for the toe and knit two for the top; k same as brown, but omit all ridging. When of sufficient length, end off with the brown by k 1 plain, bind off and sew on the vamp; that will finish it to look like the other side. Crochet a simple border around, run in a cardinal ribbon and tie in a bow on top.—MRS. M. B., Vandalia, Ia., Box 32.

Lace Edging.—Cast on 17 stitches, knit across plain, 1st row—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o—n—k 1—s and b—t t o—k 3—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—k 2, 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 5—k 5; 3d row—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o—n—k 1—s and b—t t o—k 10; 4th row—k 2—t t o 2—n—k 1—n—t t o 2—n—k 2—p 3—k 6; 5th row—k 2—t t o—n—k 2—t t o—k 3 together—t t o—k 4—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 2; 6th row—k 12—p 3—k 6; 7th row—k 2—t t o—n—n—t t o—k 3—t t o—n—k 2—t t o 2—s 1—k 3 together—pass sover—t t o 2—n—n; 8th row—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 5—k 5; 9th row—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o—n—k 1—s and b—t t o—k 10; 10th row—Cast off 3—k 6—p 1—t t o—n—p 1—k 6. Repeat from 1st.—MRS. H. L. B.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" not only tells how to make pretty Christmas presents but it is a nice present itself to give to the lover of fancy work, and 25 cents sent to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O. will get it. Be careful to write the address plain, including the county.

Correspondence.

A "NAUGHTY MAN" SPEAKS.—Will you waive your rules for this once and allow a naughty, naughty man to have a few words with you? I see so many pretty things said in the HOUSEHOLD, that it is with difficulty that I can keep quiet. In speaking of the disrespectful behavior of a young gentleman toward a lady who has shown confidence enough in him to receive his attentions, "Incognito" says: "I have wondered if it is possible for a man to realize the shame and mortification a lady feels at receiving such treatment." I think it is, if he is such a man as he should be; but a man, base enough to offer a lady such indignities, can have no conception of her astonishment and grief at learning that his opinion of her was so low as to allow him for one moment to think her not worthy of his deepest respect.

She says again, "perhaps such liberties of action are taken thoughtlessly, and with no intention of doing wrong." "Incognita," you are entirely too charitable in this remark. It certainly would be a very absent-minded young man indeed, who would make such a blunder unintentionally.

No; this is the sum of it, and it is with shame that I acknowledge it; the world is full of men, men of high social position,—honored and esteemed, because of their superior talents, because of wealth, or because of manly beauty, or family connections, whose chief delight and ambition seems to be the destruction of that most beautiful of all earthly gems,—womanly purity.

I do not mean to be understood as saying that all men are impure; by no means. I have known men, whose purity of life made me glad that they were men. If anything is despicable, it is the man who cannot behold a beautiful woman without thinking bad things.

The "sitting up" business I can hardly endorse. It may be in some degree allowable when the young "fellow" has to foot it some miles every Sunday afternoon in order to get to see his sweetheart, and has to be back to his work early on Monday morning; but as a general rule, the possibilities are dangerous. Were I a young lady, and my beau wanted to try the experiment of "sitting up," I should just give him to understand that all legitimate, honorable business could, with perfect safety, be transacted in open daylight. I hope that "W. S. L." will not feel that I am throwing obstructions in his pathway.—BILLY BUTTON.

The HOUSEHOLD is glad to hear from a "naughty man" when he speaks such sensible words as the above.—ED.

A PUZZLED WOMAN.—In the circle of society of which I am a member there are two or three women, who if not actually bad, are "fast" in their behavior. Although not countenanced by many respectable women, yet they have a few friends, (mostly relatives) who surround them, and assist them to force themselves where quite unwelcome. One in particular, goes to balls, parties, singing schools, etc., far or near for miles around, without her husband, and when the exercises are over, calls loudly, "Well, now, what fellow goes home with me?" and she rarely fails to have an attendant, generally some "boy" or young man, with whom she carries on a flir ation. Although I am not prudish, her behavior is disgusting to me. Her little girls are old and wise beyond their years, judging by their letters to other little girls. In a letter by her youngest (9 years old) she says: "——— says he loves me, but it would never do to go back on Charley now."

What puzzles me is this:—No matter where she is, she receives all the attention from the other sex which she desires—no small amount. Fathers who are proud of their own modest daughters, will leave them as wall flowers, to dance with her, and men who would be ashamed of such actions as hers if exhibited in their own families, are pleasant and attentive to her, neglecting other women superior to her in intelligence, beauty and behavior.

Don't imagine I am jealous of the attention she receives. I have their respect, which she has not, and it is far better, and not being spoiled by beauty when young, I can look on and enjoy seeing other women receive the homage due them.

What hurts me is this—innocent young girls seeing that she attracts the notice of the other sex, and not knowing why, imitate her behavior in public, and are pert, loud, "cute," and impudent, to call attention to themselves and succeed.

Do tell the girls in your reasonable, sensible way, what you think about it, to warn them of what they do not know.

If girls can't be what they ought to be, (they can if they will, though), let them at least act modestly, even if it be acting—for an imitation a ways proves the existence of the real—and no wonder that some claim to deny even that.—BLUE JAY.

FARMER'S SONS.—I have read the HOUSEHOLD with a considerable degree of interest for some years past, sometimes with pleasure, and then again at other times with a feeling of disgust at some remark from a correspondent; but on the whole, I have gathered good from the ideas therein expressed. The BLADE circulates quite largely in the rural districts and I fail to see as much in it concerning the farm and its surroundings, as I would like to. For instance, but very little has been said about the farmer boys and their welfare. Now, of course, I know if you love these dear boys, and would like to see them contented and happy, therefore, just let your pen be used once in a while for their benefit. I was once a farmers' boy, and am now a farmer myself, and I feel thankful to the Giver of All Good that He created within me a love for rural life. Although there are some disagreeable tasks to be met with on the farm, I love the occupation, and certainly hope that my little boys may love it too; and, although he is but six years old, he already takes quite an interest in the horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and bees, and likes to help care for their wants. He has also raised in his little garden, by his own labor, some good corn, beans and peas; and is now planning to husk corn to winter his three chickens; and by encouragement in these labors, and the gift of a nice lamb, I try to interest him in farm life. I believe we can get our boys interested in farm life if we will but use them right.

Let the farmers' home be made beautiful by the neatness about it, by the choice of fruit in the orchard and garden, and by shade and ornamental trees, and shrubs and flowers, and thus make the home on the farm a place of pleasure as well as profit.

Furnish your sons with good books on moral topics, and some of the best agricultural and horticultural journals in the land, and give them some liberty, and I believe they will remain on the farm longer. Farming is not disgraceful and of low degree, but it is one of the most noble occupations on the face of the earth, and if I had a marriageable daughter I should far rather she would marry "nothing but a farmer" if he was temperate and honest rather than a city counter jumper, even if he could carry a cane and tilt his hat on one side.—F. H. D., Corning, N. Y.

Inquiries.

Can any member of the HOUSEHOLD tell us how to bleach faded brown hair white?—W.

Can any one send me directions for knitting a pair of baby shoes?

Will some one please tell me how much warp or chain it takes to the yard of rag carpet? The question has been asked before but I have missed the paper that contained the answer. Please answer this question as soon as convenient.

I also wish to say to "Mrs. Bruce" that her recipe for self rising bread, which I took from the BLADE, is excellent.—MRS. J. S. BOYNTON, Pleasant Valley, Oregon.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to give a pattern for a tidy for our organ stool?—MRS. W. E. MOLLERY, Odessa, Jewel Co., Kan.

Will Miss Emily S. Bouton inform me if she has got a book that will give me instruction about drawing and painting flowers on paper, also on records? I am very fond of such work, and would be very glad to hear from her or some of the HOUSEHOLD.—TENNIE A. SPANGLER, Humansville, Polk Co., Mo.

We have nothing of the kind, and in fact do not exactly understand what you want. You might write to the "Art Interchange," New York City, asking the question.

Will someone residing at Mt. Dora, Orange Co., Fla.; also someone at Orange Hights, Orange Co., Fla., give me, either through the HOUSEHOLD, or by mail, direct to me, a full description of those two places, population, society, number and denomination of churches, etc.? I am longing for a home in the "Sunny South," and although at present I see no way of obtaining such a home, still I'm hoping that at some time in the future a way may be opened.—MISS SADIE OWEN, Morris Plains, Morris Co., N. J.

Will some reader of the BLADE send direction through the HOUSEHOLD for crocheting or knitting a baby's house sack, and tell how much worsted is required?—MRS. F. L. K.

When the editor spoke of reducing flesh in "Health and Beauty," she gave a list of what should not be eaten, among the list she spoke of "bread and butter." Did she really mean that no bread should be eaten?

What is the meaning of the word "*chic*," also "*mechant*"?

When one is working in a telegraph office would she be compelled to work every day or would they let one off a day when desired?

What should we paint the kitchen with (ceiling and floor), the sitting-room being painted with red and lead colors, the red is very dark?

Some one tell how to make some nice in expensive Christmas presents.

Would it be in good taste for a young lady to wear a light or pale pink calico dress?

While eating, in which hand is it proper to hold the fork?

If a lady has met a gentleman but a few times, and herself and brother chance to be walking along the same road with him, and the gentleman offers the lady his arm to walk up a hill, is it proper for the lady to accept it being after night, the gentleman being invited home with us by the parents, and he being a member of the same church?

Where is "Moss Rose" and "Rip Van Winkle?"—LAUGHING EYES.

1. Of course it was not intended that it should not be eaten at all, but very sparingly. A great many people will not eat bread with a dinner of meats, etc., and it is easy enough to get in the habit of letting it alone, if one tries.

2. "Chic," as near as it can be explained, means dash, sprightliness, social daring. "Mechant" signifies wicked.

3. It depends upon circumstances, how much work is to be done, etc. Of course, that matter would be settled when the business arrangement is made.

4. A kitchen should be as light as possible, so while the floor might be a dark red or brown, the ceiling should be light pink, blue or white.

4. It depends upon the season of the year. Pale pink calico is certainly very pretty for a young girl, if the color is becoming.

5. Knife in the right hand and fork in the left. If using the fork alone, it should be held in the right hand.

6. There is no impropriety in accepting such a courteous offer.—ED.

Will some reader of the Toledo BLADE please send receipts to cure profuse perspiration and offensive odor of the feet?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some of the good sisters of the HOUSEHOLD please give me directions how to crotchet a coat for a little girl four years old, with a flounce, and what is best to get for a crumb cloth? Also will some kind bee-keeper tell me how to judge when to put bees up for the winter and how to double up? A neighbor of ours dumped one hive into another, and in a short time they were all dead.—IOWA.

Will some one of the many readers of the HOUSEHOLD please give a good location for a first-class millinery and dressmaking establishment to one who has had experience and thoroughly understands the business?—READER.

Will some friend of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where a good stock county can be found, and what would be the prospects of getting stock on shares?—JAMES SWEIGART.

It is useless for correspondents to ask questions through the HOUSEHOLD to which the replies must be sent here to be forwarded to them. It involves an amount of work which the editor cannot undertake, much as she would like to oblige. A little thought will tell you that with the large number of readers, to do anything of that kind for even one-tenth would take the whole time of at least one person. Give some address to which replies can be directed.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

A correspondent writes to know if there is such a thing as canning fruit without cans. We can only give her the result of experiments by Prof. TYNDALL in consequence of the numerous cases of poisoning from canning in tin. He found it possible, and since then it has been done in this country, it is said, with decided success. The process is very simple and can be easily tried. It is as follows:

Use crocks, stone butter jars, or any other convenient dishes. Prepare and cook the fruit precisely as for canning in glass jars; fill your dishes with the fruit while it is yet hot, and immediately cover with cotton batting seerurely tied on. Remember that all putrefaction is caused by the invisible creatures in the air. Cooking the fruit expels all these; and as they cannot pass through cotton batting, the fruit thus protected will keep an indefinite period.

Some one asks how to clean plush. Put a teaspoonful of powdered borax into a quart of boiling water, wet a sponge in the mixture and apply it softly to the stains. If done carefully, it is effectual.

I write to answer "From one that is in need" printed in the October 16th issue I live in Oregon and have never in the six years that I have been here seen one man out of work when he wanted to do anything. A common laborer gets $1 per day and carpenters get $2.50 per day. Help is bound and upwards. Girls can get $3 dollars a week any time and $1 per day in thrashing season. We have had no cold weather yet. Grass and shrubs are green and stock get their living by running on the hill range. I live 20 miles from Salem, north. I hope this will do some one a little good.—MRS. ALIDA WOODWORTH, Knight, Marron county, Oregon.

Answer to "R. M."—Take a bone from the leg of the hind quarter of beef, and boil till the tendons and gristle are boiled all tender. Then strain out all the meat and bone, and set the liquor to cool. Take off the fat which has now risen to the top, and save for shortending. Put as much of the liquor in a stew-pan as you need, and cut any vegetable you desire thin, and add to it, and stew till soft, adding water to keep your quantity. When the vegetables are done, season with salt and pepper and make some biscuit, as if to bake, and drop on top while boiling and cover tightly, and don't lift the cover till 15 minutes have passed with the soup boiling constantly. Then pour all together into your tureen. If you desire meat in it, lay the quantity of meat you desire in the tureen before you pour on the soup. A good soup of beans can be the beans parboiled well and then boiled all to mush with a piece of pork (salted) boiled well in the same pot.—"TRANSPLANTED."

In answer to inquiry for cure for chilblains apply raw onions sliced, then steam the feet by heating a brick and pouring on some strong vinegar for a few minutes. Repeat if necessary this method. I have tried it and found it beneficial. Cut the onion in two and rub the feet thoroughly.—I. B. S., Boone City, Iad.

If Mrs. C. E. Thayer will put a little iodine on the warts they will soon disappear. Put on night and morning. I have tried that in a great many cases and never had it fail.—P. F. C.

In reply to "Rose Geranium" in the BLADE of the 20th inst., who asks for a remedy for weak back, will say if she will have some one iron her back a few minutes with a common flat iron as hot as she can bear it, am confident it will give instant relief. Am trou ed myself sometimes, and this treatment never fails to cure.—W. W. CRANSTON.

Recipes.

Chicken or Beef Soup with Rice.—Take an old fowl, a small beef shank, or other soup meat, one bunch soup greens, salt and a red pepper, cover with cold water, and let it come to a slow boil, skim well when the meat is done. Strain the broth on ½ cup rice, let it cook slowly till done, add some of the meat, cut fine, and a little summer savory, and serve.—MRS. M. J. M., Aurora, Ill.

Soft Yeast.—Some housekeeper wished a recipe for "soft yeast." I give mine which has given others satisfaction.

Early in the morning, put 3 good yeast cakes in warm water. After an hour or two, place in a bowl, 2 tablespoonfuls each of flour and light brown sugar, and 2 of salt; which work to a smooth paste with a little warm water; stir in thoroughly the dissolved yeast cakes, and place in a warm (not hot) place. In about two hours more boil 12 medium-sized potatoes, mash in a pan or large bowl, and pour over stirring, 1 qt. of hot water and 1 qt. of cold water; when about milk-warm add the yeast, stirring thoroughly. It will soon stand till near night in a warm place, when it is best kept in a jug in a cool place. I use about 1 pt. for a loaf, making the sponge early in the morning, and getting the bread out before noon. Care should be taken not to mix too stiff. This is very convenient for biscuit or rolls, as it raises them so quickly. For these I prefer to put the shortening in the sponge as at the first mixing. I trust this is so plain that the most inexperienced will understand; if not I will gladly give them all the information I can, for I think nothing is much worse for digestion and temper than poor bread.—MELL.

Chocolate Pudding.—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls each of corn starch, sugar and scraped chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt. Reserve one cup of milk, and put the rest on to boil. Put the sugar, chocolate and water in a sauce pan, or a small frying pan, and stir over a hot fire for about a minute, when the mixture should be smooth and glossy. Stir this into cold milk. Beat the eggs, and add the corn starch and milk to it, also the salt. Stir this into the boiling milk, and beat well for about three minutes. Turn the mixture into a mold that has been dipped into cold water. Let the pudding stand in the mold about fifteen minutes. Turn the pudding into the pudding dish, and heap whipped cream around it. Serve with sugar and cream.—MRS. R. M.

Distance Lends Enchantment!

Maud had a fine figure, good face and pretty name. One should see her at a distance. When she began to talk, you realised that she never used SOZODONT. Her breath was unlike the breezes of Araby the blest.

Our Young Folks.

LORRAINE'S REASON.

Lorraine has wonderful, lustrous eyes,
Clear as the depths of a mountain lake,
Blue as the blue of morning skies
That frost and sunshine together make.

"Give me those beautiful eyes," I said,
"Those merry blue eyes of yours, Lorraine!"
The sunbeams danced on the golden head,
While into the eyes crept a look of pain.

"I tan't!" the little maid said, at last,
Her mind all free from the sudden doubt,
As over the lids her fingers passed—
"Dod put 'em in tight, and I tan't det 'em out!"

JACK, AND JACK'S MASTER.

As I sat by my window one afternoon in early summer, I was attracted by loud and angry voices near the garden gate; boyish voices, they seemed to be, in hot discussion. As they ceased, I heard a low, pitiful whine, apparently from some animal in distress. Then loud laughter followed.

I immediately stepped through the low window out upon the piazza, and crossing the lawn to the garden, looked over the high fence by standing on a rustic chair.

In the dusty lane, very poorly dressed and lying upon his face, was a mite of a lad, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Why, what is the matter?" I cried.

A small, dirt-begrimmed face, from which hot tears were falling, was raised, and two pitiful eyes gazed up at me, but the quivering lips made no reply to my question.

"Can't you tell me?" I continued, anxious to learn the cause of such distress.

He picked himself up from the dirty road and coming nearer the fence, hastily wiped his eyes with his hand, and said, hesitatingly:

"I guess so, ma'am."

"Well, what is it?" I asked, smiling down from my lofty perch at the pitiful little stranger.

"Why, you see, ma'am," he began, his lips quivering so he could hardly speak, "you see, some boys has stole Jack," and again a sob broke from him, which was hastily smothered in his coat-sleeve.

"Stole Jack!" I repeated, vaguely. "Why, who is Jack? Your brother?"

"Oh no, ma'am; Jack's my dog," and the blue eyes filled again with tears, and were hastily hidden on the old coat-sleeve.

"Oh," I said, "your dog! Well, why did they steal him? And who were the boys that did it?"

"O ma'am!" he cried, coming closer to the fence, "they stole him to shoot him. They said he's so ugly he's only fit for a target. They are always plagueing me, but I don't care so long's they let Jack be; but now they've got him, an' they'll kill him, I know, an' I won't see him eanymore."

Here sob after sob shook the little worn jacket beneath the face that was hidden on his arm.

"Who are the boys?" I asked, with tears of sympathy in my eyes. There was a moment's hesitation, and then the quivering lips tightened as he looked up and said: "I ain't no tell-tale, ma'am, if I ain't a gentleman."

My respect for and interest in the lad were at once aroused, and I quickly replied, "You are a little gentleman in your heart, if you do wear old clothes."

He looked up at me a moment without a reply, and then glanced down at his worn pants and bare feet. "But," I continued, "if you will tell me who the boys are, perhaps we can find Jack and save his life."

The little face brightened for a second, and then he slowly shook his head, and his lips quivered again.

"Well," I said, "can't you at least tell which way they took Jack? And then we can go and find him."

"Oh yes! Will you go? I'm 'most sure they'd give him to you. Please hurry, because we may be too late!"

"Go around to the front gate," I replied, "and I'll be there in a minute."

Away he ran, while I hastily descended from my elevated position, and going into the house, caught up my hat and umbrella and hurried down to the gate. He was waiting for me, standing first on one foot, then on the other, on the hot pavement.

"I alwaye does that way," he said, with a little laugh, as I opened my umbrella and invited him to enjoy its welcome shade with me, "because these walks burn a feller's feet. It's real cool to walk under a brella, isn't it? I never did before. They cost a lot, don't they? Only rich folks can have 'em."

I smiled down at the little figure bobbing along at my side, and thought if we should happen to meet any of my acquaintances how they would wonder at my strange companion.

When we reached the first corner, he turned down the lane, saying, "This is the way, I know, because I heard one feller say they'd take him down to the river, where there'd be a high bluff to set their target against. Do you'spose we'll be too late and find Jack killed?" he added, catching his breath quickly and looking in my face.

"I hope not," I replied. "You must be my guide, for I'm not very well acquainted with this part of the city. And while we are on the way, tell me about yourself and Jack and the rest of the family."

"There ain't much to tell," he said, with a little laugh. "There ain't ennybody except Jack an' me. I sells pupers mostly fer our livin', an' blacks boots. I shine 'em fer a dime. Then I runs errands when ennybody wants me to."

"Where do you live?" I asked, regarding him with wonder, for he did not seem much bigger than a baby.

"Most ennywhere where I can on the cold nights, an' in summer out doors. Jack's my piller. He keeps me real warm in winter. We allus sleep together, Jack an' me. We just go halves in everything" and he laughed merrily.

"Where are your parents?" I asked, soberly.

"My what?" he asked.

"Your father and mother."

"Never had none, that I can remember. Never had no one, 'cept Jack and Mis' Jones. She took me from the poor-house when I was little, an' kept me till she died. An' Jack, he never had no father nor mother, neither. We're the two orphlings." I couldn't refrain from smiling at the way this was said, although down in my heart there was a pain which grew stronger and stronger as I thought of my dainty little boy at home—my golden-haired, blue-eyed son, who not only had father and mother, pet dog and pony, plenty to eat and to wear, and a pleasant home to live in, yet who was very often discontented and unhappy; while this brave little fellow had no one, "nor nothin' 'cept Jack," and yet was cheerful and contented.

"Aren't we almost there?" I asked, after we had walked along in silence for a little way, busy with my own thoughts, my companion happy in the hope of finding Jack.

"Yes," he replied, smiling brightly up in my face. "Ain't I glad you come! They'll never give him to me, I know. What made you? and by-and-by the sobs died away, as I softly smoothed the tired head.

"Because I felt sorry for you, I guess."

"But why'd you feel sorry for me? Ladies don't feel sorry for such boys as me."

I waited a moment, as he looked intently into my face, and then said, slowly:

"I guess because I have a little boy of my own at home."

"Oh, have you?" he cried, his face lighting up with interest. "Is he like me? No, of course he ain't," he added, after a second's pause. "I s'pose I'd been like him, though, if you'd been my mother too," and he looked wistfully down at his bare feet and continued, with a little sign, as if talking to himself, "no, of course not. I never could be no gentl'man, because I always has to wear old clothes."

"You are one now," I replied, taking his hand in mine. "Clothes don't make a gentleman; only the true, good heart beneath them."

He didn't say anything for a minute, but looked down at my hand with its glittering rings clasped closely around his. Then he said, thoughtfully:

"I spects you're right, but 'taint easy to make people think you're a gentl'man when you has to wear old clothes."

Before I could reply we came in view of the high bluffs bordering the river. Just as we appeared in sight three boys, from 12 to 14 years of age, hurried away, as if to avoid being seen. I had no difficulty in recognizing them as the sons of three of my neighbors; boys of wealthy parents, from homes of refinement, where they had every advantage and luxury heart could desire.

I turned and looked at my little friend, without a word. His face was pale, and his lips were pressed tightly together. He waited until the boys disappeared from sight, and then stepping my hand, ran swiftly to where a little dark heap lay on the green grass at the foot of the bluff. I hurried after him, and when I reached the spot, I found him sitting on the ground, the tears chasing one another down his cheeks, as he held in his arms a poor bony little dog, whose dim eyes were fastened lovingly upon his face, while he vainly tried to lick his master's hand.

"Is this Jack?" I asked, with a choking sensation in my throat that made it hard to speak.

"Yes, oh yes!" he cried, hugging his little comrade closer to him, "an' they've most killed him, my poor little Jackie!"

Jack looked up into my face with a little whine, and wagged his tail feebly, as if to express friendship, while I beat over him to see what injury had been done the poor creature. My heart swelled with indignation as I saw deep wounds, evidently made by arrows, all over the thin, quivering body, and the drops of blood trickled from some of them, upon the heart-broken little master, as he sat sobbing over his wounded comrade.

I saw at once that Jack was dying. He was fatally wounded, and nothing could save him. His poor parched tongue seemed to plead pitifully for water, and taking my shade hat from my head, and climbing down the bank to the river, I filled it with the cool liquid, and brought it to him. The poor brute lapped a little, and looking gratefully up in my face, tried vainly to wag his tail in thanks. Then turning his eyes to the face of his little master, he gave a long, trembling sigh. The little body quivered, and stretched back against the ragged little jacket, and in a few moments he was dead!

I waited until the first frantic grief was over, and then told my little friend that we must go home.

"No, no, I can't. I can't!" he cried. "I must stay here with Jackie. He'd miss me even if he's dead, an' those boys'll come an' throw him into the river. Maybe they'll do it even if I'm here; they're bigger than me. O Jackie, Jackie, now we can't never run in the streets, nor sell papers, nor sleep together enny more!" and throwing himself on the ground by the side of his little dead comrade, he wailed as if his heart was breaking.

I stooped over him, and softly smoothed his tangled hair—hair just the shade of my own little boy's—and when his sobs at last ceased, I said, "We'll take Jackie with us, and he shall have a quiet little grave in our yard, where no boys can ever touch him. Come, now, it is growing late, and I must go home, and you and Jackie must come too."

He got up slowly, and taking his dead friend in his arms, trudged away by my side, every now and then heaving a sigh, while the tears dropped silently on Jack's curly head. It was a sad walk, and my heart swelled with indignation, as we passed three stately mansions, standing in the midst of beautiful grounds, the homes of the pitiless boys who had brutally deprived this poor little lad of his one friend.

My own boy met us at our gate, and his face saddened as he saw Jack and his little master. In a few whispered words I told him the story, and that evening with tender sympathy he helped lay poor Jack in his grave, beneath an old apple-tree, at the end of the garden.

His little master we fed, and after a bath, clothed in a pretty suit of Harry's outgrown clothes, and when bed-time came, he went to sleep in a cosey bed, in the playroom next to Harry's.

That night I could not sleep, and long after midnight, as I lay wrapt in thought, I heard a little sob. Sitting up in bed, I listened.

Can it be Harry, I thought?

I hastily drew on my wrapper, and softly stepped into the little room next to mine. No, there lay Harry, a stray moonbeam across his happy, sleeping face, one plump rounded cheek on his dimpled hand, and his rosy lips parted in a half smile. I stooped and pressed a kiss on his forehead, and passed quietly on into the next room.

On a little snowy bed just like the one I had been bending over a moment before, lay a little figure, like and yet unlike, my Harry's! Stifled sobs came from the thin lips, and the moon's rays on his face showed plainly how poor and pinched the pale cheeks were.

"What is it, dear?" I asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and gently pushing the tumbled hair back from the hot forehead.

"Oh!" he cried, losing all self-control "I want Jack, I want Jack so much! He never had a nice place like this to sleep in, an'—

A Great Problem.

—Take all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,

—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *specifics*,

—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *restorers*,

—Take all the *Great* health recovers.

—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*

—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*

—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*

—*Fail*. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and I am well and a woman in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.—J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family, and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well at a very small cost with Hop Bitters for less than a dollar a week, if you only know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

Hop Bitters is the only medicine that I will use in my family, and will recommend them to my friends as the best medicine for family use."—Rev. J. F. BERG, Pastor Evangelical Church, Milwaukee

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britian.

The nationalists of Dublin have decided to contest the next election with two candidates, Parnell being one.

DYNAMITE.

An attempt was made at Tralee, Ireland, Thursday night, which nearly proved successful, to destroy with dynamite the residence of Samuel Hussey, known as the Edinburn House. Many windows and a portion of the eastern wall of the house were badly shattered. No one hurt.

GAINS FOR THE NATIONALISTS.

The municipal elections in Dublin and Cork, Tuesday, resulted in gains for the Nationalists.

The London *Vanity Fair* quotes from private letters from an official in India stating that there is a dangerous condition of affairs in that country. The feelings of the natives were never so excited against England as at the present time, and if reign emissaries are at work among the natives stirring them up to a strife, and preparing them to make an explosion. Officers in high command have sent to England urgent demands for authority to form camps of refuge for women and children in order to be ready in case of a mutiny. The government has been warned that it is on the eve of a great trial.

France.

Paris has resumed its usual appearance. The estimated total number of deaths by the recent inroad of cholera will reach 856. There are still a few cases of cholera in remote quarters of the city.

The Paris *Figaro* announces that Gen. Brisere de Lisle will replace Thompson as Governor-General of Cochin China, and that Gen. Negrier becomes commandant superior in Tonquin, and Admiral Reunier will command the Indo-Chinese flotilla. These changes are preparatory to an exhaustive attempt to clear Tonquin of the Chinese. The depots of armaments at the French ports are feverish with activity. The iron-clads La Pereouse, Avaso, Lagan and the gunboat Sagittaire are about sailing to join Admiral Courbet's fleet.

EARTHQUAKES.

Slight earthquake shocks were felt Friday at Rome, at Marseilles, at Lyons and in the department of Maritime Alps.

The Congo Conference.

The Vatican has requested heads of mission stations in West Africa to furnish reports, to be used as a basis for negotiations with the powers at the Congo conference, for inviving the position of missionaries in the Dark Continent.

The question of free trade will be discussed in the Congo conference when its practical work has been settled. The American proposal for an extention of Zanzibar territory caused a surprise in the conference, but it is believed that the replies by different governments to the delegates will authorize its acceptance. Henry M. Stanley leaves Berlin Sunday to return to Edinburgh. It is stated that the ashs of the International association have a value of $20.00 a ton. The conference is expected to conclude its sessions by the middle of December.

FRANCE AND THE CONGO.

A dispatch from Paris says the French government have resolved to send more cruisers to the west coast of Africa, in view of the possible results of the Congo conference.

The sitting of the Congo commission Friday occupied five hours. France proposed a tax upon imports and exports. Italy proposed a tax only on arms and spirits. German delegates appeared to be annoyed at the latter proposal, as Germany largely exports spirits to Africa. Delegate from Portugal, hearing that the African international association had ordered a quantity of instruments which are required in the slave trade, proposed to prohibit such importations in the Congo country. Malet, English delegate, suggested a consultation on this subject with Stanley. Stanley said it was possible to abolish the slave trade, but it would be impossible to abolish the traditional system of employing slave service. Germany's proposal to put the minutes of the committee, was left to the decision of the conference.

Germany.

Two hundred and seventy Americans were present at the banquet in Berlin Thursday night. Hoyer took the seat of honor and United States Minister Kasson called for three cheers for Grover Cleveland, the next president of the United States, which were heartily given. A telegram was sent to Gov. Cleveland informing him that Americans in Berlin drank his health. Minister Kasson proposed the health of the beloved Emperor William, of Germany, in response to which the German National Anthem was played by the band. Herr Kriesmann referred to the homebloom of Americans, to which Mr. Conroy replied in a humorous speech. Gen. Sanford related his impressions upon his first visit to Berlin some years ago, and contrasted the present great changes from that time. He thought Americans who were able to live in Berlin were fortunate people, and closed with proposing the health of the American consulate. Henry M. Stanley was called upon and was received with tumultuous applause. He humorously alluded to the unfavorable opinions and to the hostility which he encountered at the beginning of his explorations, and compared them with the apparent general approval now. He attributed the success to the unvarying disregard of self, and said he intended to continue to live on that principle. Herr Kreismann toasted Minister Kasson in warm terms, to which Kasson appropriately replied. A grand ball followed the banquet.

Egypt.

A Cairo dispatch says a messenger from Gen. Gordon has reached Merawi.

Messengers from Dongola report a battle between the Mahdi's followers and the Hassanie tribe is in progress.

It is reported at Suakim that Gen. Gordon has recaptured Berber. Rebels continue firing upon Suakim, but always retreat as soon as the gun boat Dolphin opens fire upon them.

Gen. Wolseley has applied to the war office for more troops and officers. The *Army and Navy Gazette* states he urgently demands 50 subalterns. The authorities do not know where to find them.

It is reported at Wady Halfa that Gen. Gordon and his forces are in most imminent danger from want of ammunition, and that he has been compelled to withdraw his advance lines in order to act strictly on the defensive.

THE MESSENGER FROM GORDON.

The messenger from Gen. Gordon, who was reported yesterday to have reached Merawi, has arrived at Dongola. He brings dispatches from Gordon eight weeks old. After leaving Khartoum the messenger was captured and detained some time at Shendy.

Canada.

The death sentence of Mrs. Boutel, the Quebec murderess, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

W. W. Beckett, hardware dealer, Sherbrooke, Can., has assigned. Direct liabilities, $50,000; indirect, $100,000.

Seventy operatives employed by the Canada Cutlery company, at Montreal, have struck against being paid by piece work, as in Sheffield, England, except at higher wages. All hands were brought out from Sheffield on the opening of the manufactory a year ago.

A Toronto dispatch says: "Joseph Quinolle, until a year ago proprietor of the restaurant Francaise, in this city, afterwards hotel proprietor at Gananoque, Ont., recently came here, went to St. Michael's cemetery, exhumed the body of his child, and cut off her hand, which he presented to his wife as something to remember the child by. Shortly afterwards he eloped with a girl of bad character. He is undoubtedly insane."

A HARD WINTER.

Consternation reigns among the employes of the Canada Southern railroad, owing to an imperative order issued by superintendent Ellis to all heads of department to reduce their working force 10 per cent. This action, just on the eve of what promises to be a hard winter, causes much unfavorable comment along the line of the road.

China.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

The Paris *Telegraphe* says: "The Cabinet has obtained certain knowledge that China intends to continue the war. It is probable that 15,000 reinforcements will be sent to China."

FRANCE AND CHINA.

The Chinese government has notified foreigners that the Kin Pai channel is protected with torpedoes, excepting a passage of 100 feet in width. Thousands of troops are actively drilling at Foo Chow. Foreigners are rigidly excluded from the arsenal, but it is generally believed that the reason for this is the Chinese desire to conceal the extent of the damage wrought by the French bombardment and consequent stoppage of work. English and American gunboats are still flying off foreign settlements. Chinese of the higher classes are bent on fighting, and are doing all in their power to discourage the overtures of peace.

A Hong Kong dispatch says: "The Catholic missions here has advices that the Viceroy of Canton has closed all chapels there, and also razed the entire Catholic settlement. A missionary who arrived at Canton from the interior states that Christians in Western provinces are fugitives in the woods of Tonquin. He also states Chinese authorities in the northern provinces have issued a decree ordering the expulsion of all missionaries. Upon appeal to the higher authorities at Pekin, however, the decree was rescinded, and the missionaries taken under the protection of the Chinese general government."

General.

EARTHQUAKES.

Five heavy shocks of earthquake were felt at Gmeuz, capital of Styria, Tuesday.

Several violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Geneva Thursday night.

HYDROPHOBIA.

An epidemic of hydrophobia prevails in Vienna. Already 80 cases are reported, eleven of which proved fatal.

CHOLERA.

Three fresh cases of cholera at Toledo, Spain, and two deaths, Thursday. At Benlopa, two fresh cases and three deaths.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The official bulletin of the Panama Canal company, gives a resume of the statements of Commander Gorringe, formerly of the United States navy, which were published some time ago in America, giving the results of his inspection of work on the canal up to July of this year. At that time only one-seventeenth part of the actual cutting canal have been finished, while the expenses so far incurred amounted to one-sixth of the estimated total outlay. Commander Gorringe concluded that the canal eventually will cost $120,000,000, and be completed at the latest by January, 1890. The American contractor, Nathaniel McKay, reports 30,000 natives of the Carribee Islands employed in piercing the Isthmus. They are mostly occupied in cutting immense trenches through the hills, which will be carried down to a level with the ocean. When the work is finished and the river Chagres has been turned from its source, the most arduous part of the undertaking will be over.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

The vote in Virginia: Cleveland, 145,496; Blaine, 139,356.

Iowa's vote for President: Blaine, 197,088; Cleveland, (fusion), 177,286; St. John, 1,472.

Oregon, official vote—Blaine, 26,852; Cleveland, 24,593; Butler, 723; St. John, 488.

The official vote of Kentucky is: Cleveland, 152,757; Blaine, 118,674; Butler, 1,655; St. John, 3,106; Democratic majority over all, 29,522.

Official returns show the total vote of Dakota was 82,140, with four counties to hear from, where the vote will be about 3,700. Republican majority, 54,000.

The revised and corrected official figures of the vote of Indiana show Cleveland received 244,963; Blaine, 238,480; Butler, 8,716; St. John, 3,078; Cleveland's plurality, 6,512.

The vote for Presidential electors in Nebraska was: Blaine, 76,877; Cleveland, 54,344; St. John, 2,858. There were a few scattering votes for Butler, though the electoral ticket was nominally Fusion

The Governor and council having completed their counting of the Presidential vote of Maine, declared the result as follows: Highest number of votes received by Blaine (Governor), 72,269; Cleveland, 52,140; Butler, 3,953; St. John, 2,160.

Washington territory official vote—Voorhees, Dem., delegate to Congress, 20,995; Armstrong, Rep., 20,849. The total vote in 1882 was 19,490, showing an increase of 22,-248 in two years. Women cast between 10,000 and 11,000 votes.

Official vote of Wisconsin—Blaine, 161,-147; Cleveland, 146,454; St. John, 7,649; Butler, 4,597; Blaine's plurality, 14,693. With the exception of the vote on Presidential electors, returns are yet lacking from Chippewa county, so that the vote on state officers and congressman of the Eighth district is yet unknown. The board meets next Tuesday to canvass the vote on these candidates.

The pluralities on Congress in Michigan are: First district, Wm. C. Maybury, Dem., 6,124; Second, Nathaniel B. Eldridge, Dem., 54; Third, Jas. O'Donnell, Rep., 1,926; Fourth, Julius C. Burrows, Rep., 3572; Fifth, Charles Comstock, Dem., 350; Sixth, Edwin B. Winans, Dem., 480; Seventh, Ezra C. Carleton, Dem., 219; Eighth, Timothy C. Tarsney, Dem., 1,622; Ninth, Byron M. Cutcheon, Rep., 2,756; Tenth, Spencer O. Fisher, Dem., 288; Eleventh, Seth C. Moffatt, Rep., 7,475.

The Leman-Brand Case.

The Chicago *Times* says that the evidence of fraud in the second precinct of the Eighteenth ward is now positive, and that this was shown to Mr. Brand, whereupon he telegraphed to stop the mandamus proceedings, and that he will now make no effort to secure his seat. The *Times* also claims the Democrats will make no further effort to contest the legislature.

LATER.—Gov. Hamilton has rendered a decision in the Leman-Brand case, and after an elaborate review of the evidence and citation of authorities, rewards the certificate to Leman, Republican candidate for state senator in the Sixth district.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Public Debt Statement.

The following is a statement of the public debt for the month ended November 30:

Interest bearing debt—	
Four and one-halfs	$220,000,000
Fours	437,693,450
Threes	194,190,500
Refunding certificates	263,150
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total interest bearing debt	$1,196,147,600
Debt bearing no interest—	
Matured debt	$ 9,238,435
Legal tenders	346,739,006
Certificates of deposit	24,005,000
Gold and silver certificates	254,015,871
Fractional currency	6,954,279
Total without interest	$670,431,056
Total debt	$ 1,866,869,501
Total interest	10,435,184
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	$ 438,340,788
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
Nov. 30, 1884	1,417,976,986
Increase during November	747,124
Decrease since June 30, 1884	22,143,249
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 1,704,511
Debt on which interest has ceased	9,238,435
Interest thereon	276,750
Gold and silver certificates	254,015,871
U. S. notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	23,690,000
Cash balance available	140,390,615
Total	$ 438,340,788
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	438,340,788
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad Companies, interest payable by United States, principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,615,588
Interest repaid by United States	63,060,604
Interest repaid by companies—	
By transportation service	18,576,092
By cash payments, 5 per cent. net earnings	633,108
Balance interest paid by the United States	43,568,249

The Postmaster General.

The postmaster general reports the expenditures of his department for the fiscal year at $46,404,980, and the ordinary revenues at $43,388,127. The cost of the service over the revenues for the past year was $3,304,486, and for the current year the department asks for $3,826,340 from the treasury. A reduction of the postage on local letters to one cent is recommended, as also the establishment of ten cent special delivery by means of messenger boys.

Welcome to Logan.

Several hundred residents of Washington, friends of Gen. and Mrs. Logan, called at their residence Saturday evening to welcome the senator and his wife back to the capital. The affair, though informal was under the management of a committee of arrangements. A section of the Marine band was in attendance, and the house was decorated from top to bottom, outside and in, with banners, lanterns and flowers. There was no speech-making. The parlors and library of the mansion were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, while those for whom there was no standing room filed through in procession, paying their respects with shaking hands and words of welcome in passing.

Citizenship for Indians.

Sen. Dawes introduced and had referred to the committee on Indian Affairs a bill conferring citizenship on Indians. The bill provides that each Indian born in the United States, and who has voluntarily taken up his residence in this country, apart from any tribe of Indians, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, shall be considered a citizen of the United States and be entitled to the privileges of such citizenship.

Army and Navy.

The bill introduced by Sen. Cullom to prohibit detachments in the army provides that hereafter all regiments in the army or branches of the military service shall be open alike to all American citizens, and authorizes the President to appoint a commission and assign officers throughout the army, and to cause the enlistment and assignment of soldiers in the army, without regard to race or color.

The House committee on Appropriations reported a bill providing for an appropriation similar to that made for the last six months the post fiscal year for the support of the navy. The amount appropriated is $6,737,617.

Gen. Swaim's Case.

When the Swaim court martial convened Monday, Judge Shellabarger, of the counsel for the defense, informed the court that Col. Grosvenor, to whom the duty of examining witnesses had been assigned by the defense, was not present, having been detained in Ohio in the trial of a case. He said he had received a telegram from Gen. Grosvenor, stating he would be here without fail Wednesday, and he suggested an adjournment till Wednesday. The court refused the request, and the judge advocate proceeded taking testimony. J. Stanley Brown was the first witness, and gave substantially the same evidence as when he testified before the court of inquiry. The defense gave notice to the prosecution they would ask for the production of the books of Bateman & Co. Along argument followed as to the legal aspect of this demand, and had not concluded when the court adjourned.

Follett's Little Bill.

Rep. Follett, of Ohio, has prepared a bill, which he will introduce in the House this week, providing for the abolition of the present system of deputy marshals and supervisions of elections. He will also introduce a resolution to authorize the committee on expenditures in the department of justice to investigate the conduct of United States marshals and their deputies in Ohio during the October election.

Iowa's Exhibit Destroyed.

Monday morning two car loads of articles collected in Iowa for the New Orleans exposition, were almost completely destroyed by the collision of parts of a broken train a few miles north of Burlington. The cars contained a large number of paintings, embroidery and specimens of women's work, collected by Mrs. Scott, which were either totally destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The loss cannot be computed. The articles destroyed represented a collection of women's work, and this department of Iowa's showing will in consequence be a failure. Among other articles destroyed were seeds, grains, vegetables, a large exhibit of canned corn from Cedar Falls, pumps from Cedar Falls, oat meal in packages and bulk from Dubuque, Muscatine, and Cedar Rapids, and sacks of flour from 85 counties in the state.

Killed by an Aerolite.

News reached Chattanooga of a strange and phenomenal accident near the Tennessee line, a few miles from Somerset, Ky. Julius Rabble, a farmer living in that vicinity, was instantly killed by a meteor descending through a tall tree, cutting the limbs off. The tall passed through Rabble's body from the shoulders obliquely, and buried itself in the earth. It penetrated the earth several feet, and was dug out by the natives. The aerolite was about the size of a teacup. The incident created great excitement and widespread alarm.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

Third Annual Report of Sec. Teller—Homesteads, Pensions, Etc.

The third and last annual report of H. M. Teller, secretary of the interior, has been issued. It is a very exhaustive document. Following are the salient features:

In my report for 1882, as well as that for 1883, I called attention to the necessity for some legislation in reference to lapsed land grants. The department is not at liberty to declare a grant forfeited because the road is not completed within the time fixed in the grant. The department cannot treat the land so granted to the railroad companies, or to the states, for the benefit of such corporations, as public lands; and to all intents and purposes, so far as the public is concerned, the lands are private property, notwithstanding that the companies in some instances have not even attempted to comply with the conditions of the grant.

The report of the commissioner of pensions shows that at the close of the fiscal year 1884 there were 322,756 pensioners, classified as follows: Army invalids, 218,-956; army widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 73,596; navy invalids, 2,616; navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 1,998; survivors of the war of 1812, 3,808; widows of those who served in the war of 1812, 19,512.

There were added to this roll during the year the names of 34,192 new pensioners, and 1,221 previously dropped were restored to the rolls, making in the aggregate 35,412; and 16,315 were dropped for various causes, being a net increase on the roll of 19,097.

The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year is $106.75, and the aggregate annual value of all pensions is $34,456,690.35, an increase over like value for the previous year of $2,211,407.92.

The amount paid for pensions during the year is $56,908,597.60, exceeding, as will be observed, the annual value of pensions several millions of dollars, which represents the first payments, generally in new claims, and known as arrears of pensions. The amount paid during the year to 31,307 new pensioners was $23,413,815.10, and there remained in the hands of the several pension agents 7,203 cases of this class unpaid, in which there was due $4,949,090.05.

Since 1861 there have been filed 927,922 claims for pensions; of this number 545,150 have been allowed. About 82 per cent. of the whole number now pending are awaiting the action of the claimants of their witnesses on unanswered calls from the pens on office. Since 1861 the total amount disbursed for pensions has been $678,246,824.34.

Two hundred and forty special examiners were employed in the field, congress at its last session authorized the employment of an additional force of 150. The system of special examination appears to have given great satisfaction to the claimants and the office.

The report of the commissioner of the general land office shows that sales, entries, and selections of public lands under various acts of Congress embrace 26,824,041.03 acres, and of Indian lands 697,128.97, aggregating 27,521,170, an increase over the year 1883, of 8,101,137.30. The receipts for the disposal of public lands are $11,840,695.97; Indian lands, $868,137.24, a total of $12,779,-130.35, an increase over that of 1883 of $1,073,354.68, to which is to added $10,276.76 received for certified copies of records, making a total of $12,789,405.09.

The total number of entries and filings made during the year is 286,851, aggregating 40,625,000 acres; an increase of 61,724 over the year 1883 and 128,588 over 1882.

The total number of entries and filings posted during the year is 327,186. These entries and filings constitute claims of record awaiting completion and adjudication. The increase in number of claims posted in 1884 is 75,501 over the year 1883 and 131,049 over the year 1882. Twenty-one thousand two hundred and eighty-six pre-emption entries were made during the year, embracing an area of 3,306,695.86 acres.

The commissioner again recommends the repeal of the pre-emption law. It appears that if the pre-emption and timber-culture laws are not repealed more liberal appropriations should be made for the detection and punishment of fraud on the government through the agency of said laws. The public lands ought to be reserved for actual settlers, and should be conveyed only when the settler has shown his good faith by a residence on the land for the period provided for by the homestead law. No commutation of homesteads should be allowed.

The commissioner again invites attention to the subject of the funding of the debts of the several Pacific railroads, and renews his suggestion that the present uncertain mode of payment be commuted to one of fixed obligations having the same lien. It is manifest that the act of May 7, 1878, has not adequately accomplished its purpose. It would seem of the highest importance that congress take immediate and final action looking to the ultimate payment of this indebtedness.

In my last report I called attention to the practice of paying to the Indians cash as interest on the funds held in trust by the government. In some instances the Indians are capable of receiving and expending such sums of money in a judicious way, but in most cases the money so paid to them is wasted and often worse than wasted. Such payments should be paid in stock cattle, agricultural implements, or by the erection of suitable dwelling houses for those willing to occupy and live in such houses.

The Indian appropriation act for the current year contains a provision allowing the Indians to avail themselves of the homestead law, and appropriates $1,000 to aid the Indians in making selections of such homesteads. The provision is but temporary, and should be made permanent.

The Indian appropriation act for the current year contained an appropriation of $50,000 for the surveying into subdivisions of Indian reservations. The amount is grossly inadequate to the wants of the department. An appropriation of like amount should be made for the next fiscal year.

CLAIMS FOR SUPPRESSING INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

Under the act of June 27, 1882, authorizing the examination of the claims of certain states and territories for money expended and indebtedness assumed by them in suppressing Indian hostilities, the following claims have been received: Kansas, $349,820.95; Nebraska, $27,641.43; Nevada, $272,063.11; Texas, first installment, $671,400.20; and Oregon, $89,450.19. The secretary reports that after the examination he reported favorably upon the claim of Kansas to the amount of $352,908.13.

Legislation is recommended by which 200 destitute Seminole Negro Indians, now in Texas, may be provided with homes in the Indian territory.

DEFENSE OF THE SEA COAST.

The condition of our coast defenses is a matter of grave concern and calls for immediate action, and I indulge the hope that before the end of the ensuing season Congress will show to the country its appreciation of these natural wants by a liberal and permanent annual appropriation

The difficulties encountered in procuring steel from abroad, even from experimental guns, makes manifest the necessity for home production. It is hoped that the very pressing need of the department and the difficulties under which it now labors in attempting to secure suitable materials for gun construction my be relieved through the prompt and energetic action of Congress at its next session. The steel-makers of this country will not undertake the production of steel on a scale adequate to our wants without the inducement of being fairly remunerated for their outlay.

War Department Report.

Following is the substance of the annual report of Sec. Lincoln of the War department:

The expenditures by requisition under the direction of the secretary of war during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, were as follows:

Salaries, contingent expenses and postage	$ 2,172,911 86
Military establishment—army and military academy	25,640,672 42
Public works, including river and harbor improvement	10 662,592 79
Miscellaneous objects	3,856,698 34
Total	$42,332,875 21

which included the sum of $1,566,035.72 not drawn from the treasury, but credited, under the act of March 3, 1879, to the subsidized Pacific railroads for services rendered the war department during the fiscal year 1884 and prior years. The amount carried to the surplus fund June 30, 1884, was $1,010,548.13.

The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, are as follows:

Salaries, contingent expenses and postage	$ 2,088,624 56
Military establishment—army and military academy	28,742,133 50
Public works, including river and harbor improvements	15,687,485 00
Miscellaneous objects	3,952,308 47
Total	$45,570,551 53

The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, as revised by me, are as follows:

Salaries, contingent expenses and postage	$ 2,118,315 00
Military establishment—army and military academy	24,429,577 45
Public works, including river and harbor improvements and new seacoast fortifications	18,497,460 48
Miscellaneous objects	3,805,147 65
Total	$50,850,500 58

The estimates for the fiscal year 1886 are below those for 1885, with few exceptions, the principal increase being for fortifications and other works of defense, $6,303,000; building for the signal office, $350,000; artificial limbs, $450,000, and support of the national home for disabled volunteer soldiers, $199,095.88.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER IMPROVEMENT.

During the four quarters ending September 9, 1884, the channel of the south pass of the Mississippi river has been uninterruptedly maintained, with the required dimensions, the total expenditures for which up to that date were $5,000,000.

MILITARY ACADEMY.

The superintendent of the military academy at West Point reports that there were present at the academy September 1, 1884, 314 cadets, and that there has been an improvement in the tone and discipline of the corps.

The superintendent of the academy calls attention to the large number of cadets in the class which will be graduated in June, 1886, the class now having 83 members; and he expresses the opinion that probably so will the graduating class unless there shall be a change in the law, it will not probably be possible for all of the class of 1886 to be appointed into the army if any civilian appointments are made before their graduation, as the members of that class and the one which will be graduated next June, together with non-commissioned officers to be appointed under existing laws, will probably be sufficient to take up all the vacancies which will occur in the two years.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

Commending highly the zeal and enterprise of Commander Schley's expedition for the relief of Lieut. Greely, the secretary observes with regret that the chief signal officer has chosen to make, in his annual report, a formal expression of opinion that, after the arrival of the wrecked Proteus party on September 13, 18 3, at St. Johns, there was still time, "as known from previous experience and shown by subsequent facts, to send efficient relief," stating that "Capt. Melville and others volunteered to go, giving their full plans for the relief."

[Sec. Lincoln goes on at some length to discuss the matter, shows conclusively that Hazen's opinion is contrary to the facts, and rebukes him severely for attempting to go beyond his own province.]

Atty.-Gen. Brewster.

In his annual report, Atty.-Gen. Brewster suggests that all accounts of chief supervisors of elections be taxed in open court, under inspection and examination of the district attorney, or his sworn assistant, and they must then be forwarded to the proper department for further examination and reduction if deemed necessary. The Attorney General directs the attention of Congress to the want of proper legislation for criminal cases.

In preparing indictments, he says, for offenses against the United States it is found necessary to follow the common law forms of the last century, with all the technicalities, verbosity, descriptions, repetitions and precision statements formerly required, whereby that which should be simple and concise written accusation becomes a lengthy and painfully confused mass of description and allegations wholly unintelligible to the defendant, who is called upon to answer, or to the jury selected to try the case.

The United States Treasury.

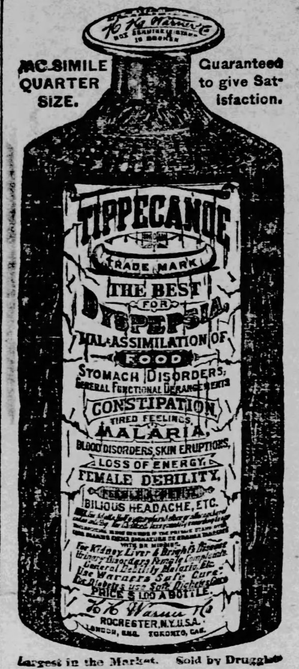
The annual report of the treasurer of the United States shows the net revenue of the government was less than in 1883 by $49,-767,712. A decrease in the receipts of the customs of $693,007, in the receipts from the internal revenue, $23,134,396, and in the receipts from miscellaneous sources, $8,849,-248. From the aggregate of these items should be deducted an increase of $1,854,-840 in the receipts from the sales of public lands, leaving a net reduction as stated above.

The net expenditures aggregated $244,-126,244, a decrease from the amount in 1883 of $21,381,805. The surplus applicable to the reduction of the public debt amounted to $104,386,625, a decrease of $28,485,818 from that of the previous year. Items and expenditures showing a decrease as follows: On account of war department, $9,481,779; interior department, $11,469,936; interest on the public debt, $4,581,752. There was an increase of $2,242,411 in the expenditures on account of the service and miscellaneous, and $2,099,164 in expenditures on account of the navy department.

Burglarizing a Penitentiary—A $3,000 Haul.

Burglars broke into the Kings County penitentiary, New York, on November 25, and robbed the safe of the shoe shop of all the money which was brought there yesterday to pay off the employes. The burglars entered through a window of the shoe shop, prying the bars of the window apart with a jimmy, and when inside forced the office door open; then they began operations on the safe, from which they took $3,000 belonging to the Bay State shoe and Leather company. How the burglars effected the job without making noise enough to rouse the guards in the penitentiary is a surprise to every person.

One of the Philadelphia agents of the Red Star Line and International Navigation company, to whose control the American line of steamships has been transferred, says the American line is still known as such, and still carries the American flag, and has no intention of taking it down.



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F. D. CLARKE, M.D.,
186 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill

Davis and Sherman.

The St. Louis *Republican* is in receipt of a letter from Jeff Davis, in reply to remarks made by Gen. Sherman at the opening of Frank P. Blair Post G. A. R., in which he said Jeff Davis was not a secessionist, but a conspirator, and should have been shot. Davis writes:

"This public assault, under the covert plea that it is based upon information which regard for a United States Senator does not permit him to present, will, to honorable minds, suggest the idea of irresponsible slander.

"It is thus devolved upon me to say that the allegation of my ever having written such a letter as is described is unqualifiedly false, and the assertion that I had any purpose or wish to destroy the liberty and equal rights of any state, either North or South, is a reckless, shameless falsehood, especially because it was generally known that for many years before, as well as during the war between the states, I was an earnest advocate of the strict construction state-rights theory of Mr. Jeffersen. What motive other than personal malignity can be conceived for so gross a libel?

"If Gen. Sherman has access to any letters purporting to have been written by me which will sustain his accusation, let him produce them or wear the brand of a base slanderer. Yours respectfully,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Gen. Sherman was seen at his residence, and it was evident that the old war-horse is very much worked up over Davis' missive. When asked what he was going to do about it, he answered with a grim smile.

"Have you anything to say in reply, General?"

"Not now; but Mr. Davis will get all he wants in due time. I will choose my own time and manner."

The Scourge in Virginia—Mulhatton's Revenge.

The Louisville *Times* publishes an interview with a friend of Joe Mulhatton, saying that the reported dreat scourge in West Virginia and Kentucky emanates from Mulhatton, who is now in the South. Mulhatton is said to have spoken of the scheme before he left Louisville. Several people have died in Eastern Kentucky from some species of dysentery, but the county papers and correspondents do not record any disease of the character of the reported scourge.

On the other hand the following is sent out from Lynchburg, Va.: "The following is from a well-known preacher in southwest Virginia: The latest advices concerning the epidemic in Wise, Lee, Dickinson and Buchanan counties are heartrending. In Tazewell county, within a radius of four miles, are 60 cases of the disease. In one instance the father and mother, and six children have died, and many persons die solely for want of attention. Business is suspended, as all citizens are being concerned with the sick and dying. Six persons were buried in one graveyard in one day. The disease is assuming a milder form in some localities, but not less than 175 of the best citizens of Wise county alone have died. During the last few days the disease made its appearance in Lee county, and several deaths have occurred. More worthy people never called more loudly for relief than these. They need nurses, medicines and a committee of intelligent physicians to diagnose the disease and stop its terrible march."

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Chief Pushyhead has vetoed the bill excluding white men from the Cherokee Nation.

A stock company has been formed to open to the public the wonderful caves which have been discovered in West Virginia.

Three brothers named McCarthy, prominent settlers of Union county, Oregon, recently left their homes on a short prospecting trip and cannot be found. It is supposed they were murdered by Indians and their bodies secreted.

A refining firm at Cleveland has sued the Lake Shore road for $100,000 damages, sustained through discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil company. The general freight agent admitted on the witness stand that the monopoly was given lower rates because of larger shipments.

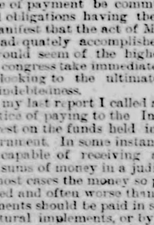
Edward Morris, arrested a week ago in New York on his arrival from Chicago, owing to the reception of a dispatch that he had swindled several Chicago jewelers to the extent of $9,000, was discharged. Gov. Cleveland refused to extradite him, on the ground of insufficient evidence.

Herman Linde, the well-known New York Shakespearean reader, while looking through the public bedstead art gallery at Louisville, discovered a picture which he says is Rembrandt's "Slaughter of the Innocents," a painting celebrated in history, for which connoisseurs have been searching for years. Mr. Linde purchased the picture for $100 from the owner, Robert Magness.

A Lancaster, Pa., dispatch says: "The Lancaster crematorium, built by the Lancaster cremation and funeral reform society, was dedicated this afternoon. Mrs. Frederica Beseler, of Jersey City, who has been dead for some time, was reduced to ashes in a little over an hour. A number of applications for cremations are already received from different parts of the country."

Dr. A. G. Haygood, president of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., resigned at a called meeting of the board of trustees. Dr. Hopkins, vice president, was elected president. Dr. Haygood will give his entire time to the agency of the John F. Slater fund. He announced that a Northern gentleman interested in the Slater work had given $35,000 to Emory College. Dr. Haygood was made president of the board of trustees.

ROYAL



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The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 3, 1884.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$3,025,000
Specie, increase	9-2,000
Legal tenders, increase	1,102,000
Deposits, decrease	62,000
Circulation, decrease	68,000
Reserve, decrease	2,021,0-0

The banks hold $42,267,000 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 1½@2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4½@6. Bar silver, 107¾. Sterling exchange, $4 81½ for long, and $4 85¼ for short. Government bonds, — Stocks.—After 11 o'clock there was a further fractional decline in prices, but at the present time some shares are a little better, while others continue weak.

Government bonds—3s, 101¼; 4½s, 113¾; 4s, 123½. Pacific 6s, of '95, 126.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 2.	Nov. 25.
4½'s coupons	113¾	113¾
4's coupons	123½	123½
3's registered	101¼	101
Pacific 6's, '95	128	128

TRADE.

Business, generally speaking, was somewhat improved during the past week. The holiday trade promises to be quite brisk.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 Red wheat was worth 71c in this market; on Wednesday it noted 69c; on Thursday no trade was done, Thanksgiving; on Friday it market 69½c; on Saturday 70¼c would have bought it, showing a decline during the week of 1¼c.

Within the past week the wheat markets of the United States have been irregular, and the record of the week shows a decline on cash wheat of about 1¾c, and on futures of ½ to 1¾c, deferred months exhibiting the greatest weakness. Markets in Europe have firmed up somewhat, but the firmer feeling there has not met with much sympathy in America. The cause of this may be attributed to the fact that the visible supply has increased to show an increase, which has proved to be the case, and that the receipts of spring wheat at Chicago were large on the closing days of the week. So long as the volume of receipts continues large, no material advance in wheat may be anticipated. The near approach of the holidays, as well as to paying time, will cause farmers to sell their grain, and until the new year shows sign